THE

EXPEDITION

OF

HUMPHRY CLINKER.

VOL. II.

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By the AUTHOR of

RODERICK RANDOM.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

——Quorſum hæc tam putida tendunt,
Furcifer? ad te, inquam—— HOR.

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MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

THE EXPEDITION OF HUMPHRY CLINKER.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

YOUR fable of the monkey and the pig, is what the Italians call *ben trovata*: but I ſhall not repeat it to my apothecary, who is a proud Scotchman, very thin ſkinned, and, for aught I know, may have his degree in his pocket—A right Scotchman has always two ſtrings to his bow, and is *in utrumque paratus*—Certain it is, I have not 'ſcaped a ſcouring; but, I believe, by means of that

ſcouring, I have 'ſcaped ſomething worſe, perhaps a tedious fit of the gout or rheumatiſm; for my appetite began to flagg, and I had certain croakings in the bowels, which boded me no good—Nay, I am not yet quite free of theſe remembrances, which warn me to be gone from this centre of infection——

What temptation can a man of my turn and temperament have, to live in a place where every corner teems with freſh objects of deteſtation and diſguſt? What kind of taſte and organs muſt thoſe people have, who really prefer the adulterate enjoyments of the town to the genuine pleaſures of a country retreat? Moſt people, I know, are originally ſeduced by vanity, ambition, and childiſh curioſity; which cannot be gratified, but in the *buſy haunts of men:* but, in the courſe of this gratification, their very organs of ſenſe are perverted, and they become habitually loſt to every reliſh of what is genuine and excellent in it's own nature.

Shall I ſtate the difference between my town grievances, and my country comforts? At Brambleton-hall, I have elbow-room within doors, and breathe a clear, elaſtic, ſalutary air——I enjoy refreſhing

freſhing ſleep, which is never diſturbed by horrid noiſe, nor interrupted, but in a-morning, by the ſweet twitter of the martlet at my window—I drink the virgin lymph, pure and cryſtalline as it guſhes from the rock, or the ſparkling beveridge, home-brewed from malt of my own making; or I indulge with cyder, which my own orchard affords; or with claret of the beſt growth, imported for my own uſe, by a correſpondent on whoſe integrity I can depend; my bread is ſweet and nouriſhing, made from my own wheat, ground in my own mill, and baked in my own oven; my table is, in a great meaſure, furniſhed from my own ground; my five-year old mutton, fed on the fragrant herbage of the mountains, that might vie with veniſon in juice and flavour; my delicious veal, fattened with nothing but the mother's milk, that fills the diſh with gravy; my poultry from the barn-door, that never knew confinement, but when they were at rooſt; my rabbits panting from the warren; my game freſh from the moors; my trout and ſalmon ſtruggling from the ſtream; oyſters from their native banks; and herrings, with other ſea-fiſh, I can eat in four hours after they are taken—My ſallads, roots,

and pot-herbs, my own garden yields in plenty and perfection; the produce of the natural ſoil, prepared by moderate cultivation. The ſame ſoil affords all the different fruits which England may call her own, ſo that my deſert is every day freſh-gathered from the tree; my dairy flows with nectarious tides of milk and cream, from whence we derive abundance of excellent butter, curds, and cheeſe; and the refuſe fattens my pigs, that are deſtined for hams and bacon—I go to bed betimes, and riſe with the ſun —I make ſhift to paſs the hours without wearineſs or regret, and am not deſtitute of amuſements within doors, when the weather will not permit me to go abroad —I read, and chat, and play at billiards, cards, or back-gammon—Without doors, I ſuperintend my farm, and execute plans of improvement, the effects of which I enjoy with unſpeakable delight—Nor do I take leſs pleaſure in ſeeing my tenants thrive under my auſpices, and the poor live comfortably by the employment which I provide——You know I have one or two ſenſible friends, to whom I can open all my heart; a bleſſing which, perhaps, I might have ſought in vain among the crowded ſcenes of life: there are a few

few others of more humble parts, whom I eſteem for their integrity; and their converſation I find inoffenſive, though not very entertaining. Finally, I live in the midſt of honeſt men, and truſty dependants, who, I flatter myſelf, have a diſintereſted attachment to my perſon—You, yourſelf, my dear Doctor, can vouch for the truth of theſe aſſertions.

Now, mark the contraſt at London—I am pent up in frowzy lodgings, where there is not room enough to ſwing a cat; and I breathe the ſteams of endleſs putrefaction; and theſe would, undoubtedly, produce a peſtilence, if they were not qualified by the groſs acid of ſea-coal, which is itſelf a pernicious nuiſance to lungs of any delicacy of texture: but even this boaſted corrector cannot prevent thoſe languid, ſallow looks, that diſtinguiſh the inhabitants of London from thoſe ruddy ſwains that lead a country-life——I go to bed after mid-night, jaded and reſtleſs from the diſſipations of the day—I ſtart every hour from my ſleep, at the horrid noiſe of the watchmen bawling the hour through every ſtreet, and thundering at every door; a ſet of uſeleſs fellows, who ſerve no other

purpoſe but that of diſturbing the repoſe of the inhabitants; and by five o'clock I ſtart out of bed, in conſequence of the ſtill more dreadful alarm made by the country carts, and noiſy ruſtics bellowing green peaſe under my window. If I would drink water, I muſt quaff the naukiſh contents of an open aqueduct, expoſed to all manner of defilement; or ſwallow that which comes from the river Thames, impregnated with all the filth of London and Weſtminſter—Human excrement is the leaſt offenſive part of the concrete, which is compoſed of all the drugs, minerals, and poiſons, uſed in mechanics and manufacture, enriched with the putrefying carcaſes of beaſts and men; and mixed with the ſcourings of all the waſh-tubs, kennels, and common ſewers, within the bills of mortality.

This is the agreeable potation, extolled by the Londoners, as the fineſt water in the univerſe—As to the intoxicating potion, ſold for wine, it is a vile, unpalatable, and pernicious ſophiſtication, balderdaſhed with cyder, corn ſpirit, and the juice of ſloes. In an action at law, laid againſt a carman for having ſtaved a caſk of port, it appeared from the evidence of the cooper, that there were not above

above five gallons of real wine in the whole pipe, which held above a hundred, and even that had been brewed and adulterated by the merchant at Oporto. The bread I eat in London, is a deleterious paſte, mixed up with chalk, alum, and bone-aſhes; inſipid to the taſte, and deſtructive to the conſtitution. The good people are not ignorant of this adulteration; but they prefer it to wholſome bread, becauſe it is whiter than the meal of corn: thus they ſacrifice their taſte and their health, and the lives of their tender infants, to a moſt abſurd gratification of a miſ-judging eye; and the miller, or the baker, is obliged to poiſon them and their families, in order to live by his profeſſion. The ſame monſtrous depravity appears in their veal, which is bleached by repeated bleedings, and other villanous arts, till there is not a drop of juice left in the body, and the poor animal is paralytic before it dies; ſo void of all taſte, nouriſhment, and ſavour, that a man might dine as comfortably on a white fricaſee of kid-ſkin gloves, or chip hats from Leghorn.

As they have diſcharged the natural colour from their bread, their butchers-meat, and poultry, their cutlets, ragouts,

fricaſſees, and ſauces of all kinds; ſo they inſiſt upon having the complexion of their pot-herbs mended, even at the hazard of their lives. Perhaps, you will hardly believe they can be ſo mad as to boil their greens with braſs half-pence, in order to improve their colour; and yet nothing is more true—Indeed, without this improvement in the colour, they have no perſonal merit. They are produced in an artificial ſoil, and taſte of nothing but the dunghills, from whence they ſpring. My cabbage, cauliflower, and 'ſparagus in the country, are as much ſuperior in flavour to thoſe that are ſold in Covent-garden, as my heath-mutton is to that of St. James's-market; which, in fact, is neither lamb nor mutton, but ſomething betwixt the two, gorged in the rank fens of Lincoln and Eſſex, pale, coarſe, and frowzy—As for the pork, it is an abominable carnivorous animal, fed with horſe-fleſh and diſtillers grains; and the poultry is all rotten, in conſequence of a fever, occaſioned by the infamous practice of ſewing up the gut, that they may be the ſooner fattened in coops, in conſequence of this cruel retention.

Of the fiſh, I need ſay nothing in this hot weather, but that it comes ſixty, ſeventy,

venty, fourſcore, and a hundred miles by land-carriage; a circumſtance ſufficient, without any comment, to turn a Dutchman's ſtomach, even if his noſe was not ſaluted in every alley with the ſweet flavour of *freſh* mackarel, ſelling by retail—This is not the ſeaſon for oyſters; nevertheleſs, it may not be amiſs to mention, that the right Colcheſter are kept in ſlime-pits, occaſionally overflowed by the ſea; and that the green colour, ſo much admired by the voluptuaries of this metropolis, is occaſioned by the vitriolic ſcum, which riſes on the ſurface of the ſtagnant and ſtinking water—Our rabbits are bred and fed in the poulterer's cellar, where they have neither air nor exerciſe, conſequently they muſt be firm in fleſh, and delicious in flavour; and there is no game to be had for love or money.

It muſt be owned, that Covent-garden affords ſome good fruit; which, however, is always engroſſed by a few individuals of over-grown fortune, at an exorbitant price; ſo that little elſe than the refuſe of the market falls to the ſhare of the community; and that is diſtributed by ſuch filthy hands, as I cannot look at without loathing. It was but yeſterday

that I ſaw a dirty barrow-hunter in the ſtreet, cleaning her duſty fruit with her own ſpittle; and, who knows but ſome fine lady of St. James's pariſh might admit into her delicate mouth thoſe very cherries, which had been rolled and moiſtened between the filthy, and, perhaps, ulcerated chops of a St. Giles's huckſter—I need not dwell upon the pallid, contaminated maſh, which they call ſtrawberries; ſoiled and toſſed by greaſy paws through twenty baſkets cruſted with dirt; and then preſented with the worſt milk, thickened with the worſt flour, into a bad likeneſs of cream: but the milk itſelf ſhould not paſs unanalyſed, the produce of faded cabbage-leaves and ſour draff, lowered with hot water, frothed with bruiſed ſnails, carried through the ſtreets in open pails, expoſed to foul rinſings, diſcharged from doors and windows, ſpittle, ſnot, and tobacco-quids from foot-paſſengers, over-flowings from mud-carts, ſpatterings from coach-wheels, dirt and traſh chucked into it by roguiſh boys for the joke's-ſake, the ſpewings of infants, who have ſlabbered in the tin-meaſure, which is thrown back in that condition among the milk, for the benefit of the next cuſtomer; and, finally, the

the vermin that drops from the rags of the naſty drab that vends this precious mixture, under the reſpectable denomination of milk-maid.

I ſhall conclude this catalogue of London dainties, with that table-beer, guiltleſs of hops and malt, vapid and nauſeous; much fitter to facilitate the operation of a vomit, than to quench thirſt and promote digeſtion; the tallowy rancid maſs, called butter, manufactured with candle-greaſe and kitchen-ſtuff; and their freſh eggs, imported from France and Scotland.——Now, all theſe enormities might be remedied with a very little attention to the article of police, or civil regulation; but the wiſe patriots of London have taken it into their heads, that all regulation is inconſiſtent with liberty; and that every man ought to live in his own way, without reſtraint——Nay, as there is not ſenſe enough left among them, to be diſcompoſed by the nuiſances I have mentioned, they may, for aught I care, wallow in the mire of their own pollution.

A companionable man will, undoubtedly, put up with many inconveniences for the ſake of enjoying agreeable ſociety. A facetious friend of mine uſed to ſay, the wine could not be bad, where the

company was agreeable; a maxim which, however, ought to be taken *cum grano ſalis*: but what is the ſociety of London, that I ſhould be tempted, for its ſake, to mortify my ſenſes, and compound with ſuch uncleanneſs as my ſoul abhors? All the people I ſee, are too much engroſſed by ſchemes of intereſt or ambition, to have any room left for ſentiment or friendſhip—Even in ſome of my old acquaintance, thoſe ſchemes and purſuits have obliterated all traces of our former connexion——Converſation is reduced to party-diſputes, and illiberal altercation—Social commerce, to formal viſits and card-playing—If you pick up a diverting original by accident, it may be dangerous to amuſe yourſelf with his oddities—He is generally a tartar at bottom; a ſharper, a ſpy, or a lunatic. Every perſon you deal with endeavours to over-reach you in the way of buſineſs; you are preyed upon by idle mendicants, who beg in the phraſe of borrowing, and live upon the ſpoils of the ſtranger—Your tradeſmen are without conſcience, your friends without affection, and your dependants without fidelity.—

My letter would ſwell into a treatiſe, were I to particularize every cauſe of offence that fills up the meaſure of my aver-

averſion to this, and every other crowded city—Thank Heaven! I am not ſo far ſucked into the vortex, but that I can diſengage myſelf without any great effort of philoſophy—From this wild uproar of knavery, folly, and impertinence, I ſhall fly with double reliſh to the ſerenity of retirement, the cordial effuſions of unreſerved friendſhip, the hoſpitality and protection of the rural gods; in a word, the *jucunda oblivia vitæ*, which Horace himſelf had not taſte enough to enjoy.—

I have agreed for a good travelling-coach and four, at a guinea a-day, for three months certain; and next week we intend to begin our journey to the North, hoping ſtill to be with you by the latter end of October——I ſhall continue to write from every ſtage where we make any conſiderable halt, as often as any thing occurs, which I think can afford you the leaſt amuſement. In the mean time, I muſt beg you will ſuperintend the œconomy of Barns, with reſpect to my hay and corn harveſts; aſſured that my ground produces nothing but what you may freely call your own——On any other terms I ſhould be aſhamed to ſubſcribe myſelf

your unvariable friend,

London, June 8. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bar^t. of Jeſus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

IN my laſt, I mentioned my having ſpent an evening with a ſociety of authors, who ſeemed to be jealous and afraid of one another. My uncle was not at all ſurpriſed to hear me ſay I was diſappointed in their converſation. "A man may "be very entertaining and inſtructive "upon paper, (ſaid he) and exceedingly "dull in common diſcourſe. I have ob- "ſerved, that thoſe who ſhine moſt in "private company, are but ſecondary "ſtars in the conſtellation of genius—A "ſmall ſtock of ideas is more eaſily ma- "naged, and ſooner diſplayed, than a "great quantity crowded together. There "is very ſeldom any thing extraordinary "in the appearance and addreſs of a good "writer; whereas a dull author generally "diſtinguiſhes himſelf by ſome oddity or "extravagance. For this reaſon, I fancy,

"that

"an aſſembly of Grubs muſt be very di-
"verting."

My curioſity being excited by this hint, I conſulted my friend Dick Ivy, who undertook to gratify it the very next day, which was Sunday laſt.—He carried me to dine with S——, whom you and I have long known by his writings.—He lives in the ſkirts of the town, and every Sunday his houſe is open to all unfortunate brothers of the quill, whom he treats with beef, pudding, and potatoes, port, punch, and Calvert's entire butt beer.—He has fixed upon the firſt day of the week for the exerciſe of his hoſpitality, becauſe ſome of his gueſts could not enjoy it on any other, for reaſons that I need not explain. I was civilly received in a plain, yet decent habitation, which opened backwards into a very pleaſant garden, kept in excellent order; and, indeed, I ſaw none of the outward ſigns of authorſhip, either in the houſe or the landlord, who is one of thoſe few writers of the age that ſtand upon their own foundation, without patronage, and above dependence. If there was nothing characteriſtic in the entertainer, the company made ample amends for his want of ſingularity.

At

At two in the afternoon, I found myſelf one of ten meſs-mates ſeated at table; and, I queſtion, if the whole kingdom could produce ſuch another aſſemblage of originals. Among their peculiarities, I do not mention thoſe of dreſs, which may be purely accidental. What ſtruck me were oddities originally produced by affectation, and afterwards confirmed by habit. One of them wore ſpectacles at dinner, and another, his hat flapped; though (as Ivy told me) the firſt was noted for having a ſeaman's eye, when a bailiff was in the wind; and the other was never known to labour under any weakneſs or defect of viſion, except about five years ago, when he was complimented with a couple of black eyes by a player, with whom he had quarrelled in his drink. A third wore a laced ſtocking, and made uſe of crutches, becauſe, once in his life, he had been laid up with a broken leg, though no man could leap over a ſtick with more agility. A fourth had contracted ſuch an antipathy to the country, that he inſiſted upon ſitting with his back towards the window that looked into the garden, and when a diſh of cauliflower was ſet upon the table, he ſnuffed up volatile

latile ſalts to keep him from fainting; yet this delicate perſon was the ſon of a cottager, born under a hedge, and had many years run wild among aſſes on a common. A fifth affected diſtraction—When ſpoke to, he always anſwered from the purpoſe—ſometimes he ſuddenly ſtarted up, and rapped out a dreadful oath—ſometimes he burſt out a-laughing—then he folded his arms, and ſighed—and then he hiſſed like fifty ſerpents.

At firſt, I really thought he was mad, and, as he ſat near me, began to be under ſome apprehenſions for my own ſafety, when our landlord, perceiving me alarmed, aſſured me aloud that I had nothing to fear. "The gentleman (ſaid he) is "trying to act a part, for which he is by "no means qualified—if he had all the "inclination in the world, it is not in his "power to be mad. His ſpirits are too "flat to be kindled into frenzy." "'Tis "no bad p-p-puff, how-ow-ever (obſerv-"ed a perſon in a tarniſhed laced coat): "aff-ffected m-madneſs w-will p-paſs for "w-wit w-with nine-ninet-teen out of "t-twenty."—"And affected ſtuttering "for humour: replied our landlord, tho', "God knows, there is no affinity betwixt "them." It ſeems, this wag, after having

ing made ſome abortive attempts in plain ſpeaking, had recourſe to this defect, by means of which he frequently extorted the laugh of the company, without the leaſt expence of genius; and that imperfection, which he had at firſt counterfeited, was now become ſo habitual, that he could not lay it aſide.

A certain winking genius, who wore yellow gloves at dinner, had, on his firſt introduction, taken ſuch offence at S——, becauſe he looked and talked, and ate and drank like any other man, that he ſpoke contemptuouſly of his underſtanding ever after, and never would repeat his viſit, until he had exhibited the following proof of his caprice. Wat Wyvil, the poet, having made ſome unſucceſsful advances towards an intimacy with S—, at laſt gave him to underſtand, by a third perſon, that he had written a poem in his praiſe, and a ſatire againſt his perſon; that if he would admit him to his houſe, the firſt ſhould be immediately ſent to preſs; but that if he perſiſted in declining his friendſhip, he would publiſh the ſatire without delay. S—— replied, that he looked upon Wyvil's panegyrick, as in effect, a ſpecies of infamy, and would reſent it accordingly with a good cudgel; but

but if he publiſhed the ſatire, he might deſerve his compaſſion, and had nothing to fear from his revenge. Wyvil having conſidered the alternative, reſolved to mortify S— by printing the panegyrick, for which he received a ſound drubbing. Then he ſwore the peace againſt the aggreſſor, who, in order to avoid a proſecution at law, admitted him to his good graces. It was the ſingularity in S——'s conduct on this occaſion, that reconciled him to the yellow-gloved philoſopher, who owned he had ſome genius, and from that period cultivated his acquaintance.

Curious to know upon what ſubjects the ſeveral talents of my fellow-gueſts were employed, I applied to my communicative friend Dick Ivy, who gave me to underſtand, that moſt of them were, or had been, underſtrappers, or journeymen, to more creditable authors, for whom they tranſlated, collated, and compiled, in the buſineſs of book-making; and that all of them had, at different times, laboured in the ſervice of our landlord, though they had now ſet up for themſelves in various departments of literature. Not only their talents, but alſo their nations and dialects were ſo various, that

our

our converſation reſembled the confuſion of tongues at Babel. We had the Iriſh brogue, the Scotch accent, and foreign idiom, twanged off by the moſt diſcordant vociferation; for, as they all ſpoke together, no man had any chance to be heard, unleſs he could bawl louder than his fellows. It muſt be owned, however, there was nothing pedantic in their diſcourſe; they carefully avoided all learned diſquiſitions, and endeavoured to be facetious; nor did their endeavours always miſcarry——ſome droll repartee paſſed, and much laughter was excited; and if any individual loſt his temper ſo far as to tranſgreſs the bounds of decorum, he was effectually checked by the maſter of the feaſt, who exerted a ſort of paternal authority over this irritable tribe.

The moſt learned philoſopher of the whole collection, who had been expelled the univerſity for atheiſm, has made great progreſs in a refutation of lord Bolingbroke's metaphyſical works, which is ſaid to be equally ingenious and orthodox; but, in the mean time, he has been preſented to the grand jury as a public nuiſance, for having blaſphemed in an alehouſe on the Lord's day. The Scotch-

man

man gives lectures on the pronunciation of the Engliſh language, which he is now publiſhing by ſubſcription.

The Iriſhman is a political writer, and goes by the name of my Lord Potatoe. He wrote a pamphlet in vindication of a miniſter, hoping his zeal would be rewarded with ſome place or penſion; but finding himſelf neglected in that quarter, he whiſpered about, that the pamphlet was written by the miniſter himſelf, and he publiſhed an anſwer to his own production. In this, he addreſſed the author under the title of *your lordſhip* with ſuch ſolemnity, that the public ſwallowed the deceit, and bought up the whole impreſſion. The wiſe politicians of the metropolis declared they were both maſterly performances, and chuckled over the flimſy reveries of an ignorant garretteer, as the profound ſpeculations of a veteran ſtateſman, acquainted with all the ſecrets of the cabinet. The impoſture was detected in the ſequel, and our Hibernian pamphleteer retains no part of his aſſumed importance, but the bare title of *my lord*, and the upper part of the table at the potatoe-ordinary in Shoe-lane.

Oppoſite to me ſat a Piedmonteſe, who had obliged the public with a humorous ſatire,

ſatire, intituled, *The Balance of the Engliſh Poets*, a performance which evinced the great modeſty and taſte of the author, and, in particular, his intimacy with the elegancies of the Engliſh language. The ſage, who laboured under the ἀγροφοβία, or *horror of green fields*, had juſt finiſhed a treatiſe on practical agriculture, though, in fact, he had never ſeen corn growing in his life, and was ſo ignorant of grain, that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own, that a plate of hominy was the beſt rice pudding he had ever eat.

The ſtutterer had almoſt finiſhed his travels through Europe and part of Aſia, without ever budging beyond the liberties of the King's Bench, except in term-time, with a tipſtaff for his companion; and as for little Tim Cropdale, the moſt facetious member of the whole ſociety, he had happily wound up the cataſtrophe of a virgin tragedy, from the exhibition of which he promiſed himſelf a large fund of profit and reputation. Tim had made ſhift to live many years by writing novels, at the rate of five pounds a volume; but that branch of buſineſs is now engroſſed by female authors, who publiſh merely for the propagation of virtue, with ſo much

much eaſe and ſpirit, and delicacy, and knowledge of the human heart, and all in the ſerene tranquillity of high life, that the reader is not only inchanted by their genius, but reformed by their morality.

After dinner, we adjourned into the garden, where, I obſerved, Mr. S—— gave a ſhort ſeparate audience to every individual in a ſmall remote filbert walk, from whence moſt of them dropt off one after another, without further ceremony; but they were replaced by freſh recruits of the ſame clan, who came to make an afternoon's viſit; and, among other's, a ſpruce bookſeller, called Birkin, who rode his own gelding, and made his appearance in a pair of new jemmy boots, with maſſy ſpurs of plate. It was not without reaſon, that this midwife of the Muſes uſed exerciſe a-horſeback, for he was too fat to walk a-foot, and he underwent ſome ſarcaſms from Tim Cropdale, on his unweildy ſize and inaptitude for motion. Birkin, who took umbrage at this poor author's petulance in preſuming to joke upon a man ſo much richer than himſelf, told him, he was not ſo unweildy but that he could move the Marſhalſea court for a writ, and even overtake him with it, if he did not very ſpeedily

come

come and ſettle accounts with him, reſpecting the expence of publiſhing his laſt Ode to the king of Pruſſia, of which he had ſold but three, and one of them was to Whitefield the methodiſt. Tim affected to receive this intimation with good humour, ſaying, he expected in a poſt or two, from Potſdam, a poem of thanks from his Pruſſian majeſty, who knew very well how to pay poets in their own coin; but, in the mean time, he propoſed, that Mr. Birkin and he ſhould run three times round the garden for a bowl of punch, to be drank at Aſhley's in the evening, and he would run boots againſt ſtockings. The bookſeller, who valued himſelf upon his mettle, was perſuaded to accept the challenge, and he forthwith reſigned his boots to Cropdale, who, when he had put them on, was no bad repreſentation of captain Piſtol in the play.

Every thing being adjuſted, they ſtarted together with great impetuoſity, and, in the ſecond round, Birkin had clearly the advantage, *larding the lean earth as he puff'd along*. Cropdale had no mind to conteſt the victory further; but, in a twinkling, diſappeared through the back-door of the garden, which opened into a private lane, that had communication with

with the high road.—The ſpectators immediately began to hollow, "Stole away!" and Birkin ſet off in purſuit of him with great eagerneſs; but he had not advanced twenty yards in the lane, when a thorn running into his foot, ſent him hopping back into the garden, roaring with pain, and ſwearing with vexation. When he was delivered from this annoyance by the Scotchman, who had been bred to ſurgery, he looked about him wildly, exclaiming, "Sure, the fellow won't be ſuch a "rogue as to run clear away with my "boots!" Our landlord, having reconnoitred the ſhoes he had left, which, indeed, hardly deſerved that name, "Pray, "(ſaid he) Mr. Birkin, wa'n't your boots "made of calf-ſkin?" "Calf-ſkin or "cow-ſkin, (replied the other) I'll find a "ſlip of ſheep-ſkin that will do his buſi-"neſs—I loſt twenty pounds by his farce, "which you perſuaded me to buy—I am "out of pocket five pounds by his damn'd "ode; and now this pair of boots, bran "new, coſt me thirty ſhillings, as per re-"ceipt.—But this affair of the boots is "felony—tranſportation.—I'll have the "dog indicted at the Old Bailey—I will, "Mr. S——. I will be reveng'd, even

" though I ſhould loſe my debt in con-
" ſequence of his conviction."

Mr. S—— ſaid nothing at preſent, but accommodated him with a pair of ſhoes; then ordered his ſervant to rub him down, and comfort him with a glaſs of rum-punch, which ſeemed, in a great meaſure, to cool the rage of his indignation. " After all, (ſaid our landlord) this is no " more than a *humbug* in the way of wit, " though it deſerves a more reſpectable " epithet, when conſidered as an effort of " invention. Tim, being (I ſuppoſe) out " of credit with the cordwainer, fell upon " this ingenious expedient to ſupply the " want of ſhoes, knowing that Mr. Birkin, who loves humour, would himſelf reliſh the joke upon a little recollection. Cropdale literally lives by his " wit, which he has exerciſed upon all his " friends in their turns. He once borrowed my poney for five or ſix days to " go to Saliſbury, and ſold him in Smithfield at his return. This was a joke of " ſuch a ſerious nature, that, in the firſt " tranſports of my paſſion, I had ſome " thoughts of proſecuting him for horſe-ſtealing; and even when my reſentment had in ſome meaſure ſubſided, as

" he induſtriouſly avoided me, I vowed, I
" would take ſatisfaction on his ribs with
" the firſt opportunity. One day, ſeeing
" him at ſome diſtance in the ſtreet, coming
" towards me, I began to prepare my cane
" for action, and walked in the ſhadow of
" a porter, that he might not perceive me
" ſoon enough to make his eſcape; but,
" in the very inſtant I had lifted up the
" inſtrument of correction, I found Tim
" Cropdale metamorphoſed into a miſer-
" able blind wretch, feeling his way with a
" long ſtick from poſt to poſt, and roll-
" ing about two bald unlighted orbs in-
" ſtead of eyes. I was exceedingly ſhocked
" at having ſo narrowly eſcaped the con-
" cern and diſgrace that would have at-
" tended ſuch a miſapplication of ven-
" geance: but, next day, Tim prevailed
" upon a friend of mine to come and ſol-
" licit my forgiveneſs, and offer his note,
" payable in ſix weeks, for the price of
" the poney.—This gentleman gave me
" to underſtand, that the blind man was
" no other than Cropdale, who having
" ſeen me advancing, and gueſſing my
" intent, had immediately converted him-
" ſelf into the object aforeſaid.—I was ſo
" diverted at the ingenuity of the evaſion,
" that I agreed to pardon his offence, re-

"fuſing his note, however, that I might "keep a proſecution for felony hanging "over his head, as a ſecurity for his fu- "ture good behaviour—But Timothy "would by no means truſt himſelf in my "hands till the note was accepted—then "he made his appearance at my door as "a blind beggar, and impoſed in ſuch a "manner upon my man, who had been "his old acquaintance and pot-compa- "nion, that the fellow threw the door in "his face, and even threatened to give "him the baſtinado. Hearing a noiſe in "the hall, I went thither, and imme- "diately recollecting the figure I had "paſſed in the ſtreet, accoſted him by his "own name, to the unſpeakable aſtoniſh- "ment of the footman."

Birkin declared he loved a joke as well as another; but aſked if any of the com- pany could tell where Mr. Cropdale lodged, that he might ſend him a propo- ſal about reſtitution, before the boots ſhould be made away with. "I would "willingly give him a pair of new ſhoes, "(ſaid he) and half a guinea into the bar- "gain, for the boots, which fitted me "like a glove; and I ſhan't be able to "get the fellows of them till the good "weather for riding is over." The ſtut-

tering

tering wit declared, that the only ſecret which Cropdale ever kept, was the place of his lodgings; but, he believed, that, during the heats of ſummer, he commonly took his repoſe upon a bulk, or indulged himſelf, in freſco, with one of the kennel-nymphs, under the portico of St. Martin's church. "Pox on him! (cried "the bookſeller) he might as well have "taken my whip and ſpurs—In that caſe, "he might have been tempted to ſteal "another horſe, and then he would have "rid to the devil of courſe."

After coffee, I took my leave of Mr. S——, with proper acknowledgements of his civility, and was extremely well pleaſed with the entertainment of the day, though not yet ſatisfied, with reſpect to the nature of this connexion, betwixt a man of character in the literary world, and a parcel of authorlings, who, in all probability, would never be able to acquire any degree of reputation by their labours. On this head I interrogated my conductor, Dick Ivy, who anſwered me to this effect—"One would imagine S— had ſome view "to his own intereſt, in giving countenance "and aſſiſtance to thoſe people, whom he "knows to be bad men, as well as bad "writers; but, if he has any ſuch view,

" he will find himſelf diſappointed; for
" if he is ſo vain as to imagine he can
" make them ſubſervient to his ſchemes
" of profit or ambition, they are cun-
" ning enough to make him their proper-
" ty in the mean time. There is not one
" of the company you have ſeen to-day
" (myſelf excepted) who does not owe
" him particular obligations.—One of
" them he bailed out of a ſpunging-houſe,
" and afterwards paid the debt—another
" he tranſlated into his family, and cloath-
" ed, when he was turned out half naked
" from jail in conſequence of an act for
" the relief of inſolvent debtors—a third,
" who was reduced to a woollen night-
" cap, and lived upon ſheeps trotters, up
" three pair of ſtairs backward in But-
" cher-row, he took into preſent pay and
" free quarters, and enabled him to ap-
" pear as a gentleman, without having
" the fear of ſheriff's officers before his
" eyes. Thoſe who are in diſtreſs he
" ſupplies with money when he has it,
" and with his credit when he is out of
" caſh. When they want buſineſs, he
" either finds employment for them in his
" own ſervice, or recommends them to
" bookſellers to execute ſome project he
" has formed for their ſubſiſtence. They
" are

"are always welcome to his table, (which, "though plain, is plentiful) and to his "good offices as far as they will go; and "when they ſee occaſion, they make uſe "of his name with the moſt petulant fa- "miliarity; nay, they do not even ſcruple "to arrogate to themſelves the merit of "ſome of his performances, and have been "known to ſell their own lucubrations as "the produce of his brain. The Scotch- "man you ſaw at dinner once perſonated "him at an ale-houſe in Weſt-Smithfield, "and, in the character of S——, had "his head broke by a cow-keeper, for "having ſpoke diſreſpectfully of the "Chriſtian religion; but he took the "law of him in his own perſon, and the "aſſailant was fain to give him ten "pounds to withdraw his action."

I obſerved, that all this appearance of liberality on the ſide of Mr. S—— was eaſily accounted for, on the ſuppoſition that they flattered him in private, and engaged his adverſaries in public; and yet I was aſtoniſhed, when I recollected that I often had ſeen this writer virulently abuſed in papers, poems, and pamphlets, and not a pen was drawn in his defence.—"But "you will be more aſtoniſhed (ſaid he) "when I aſſure you, thoſe very gueſts

" whom you ſaw at his table to-day, were " the authors of great part of that abuſe; " and he himſelf is well aware of their " particular favours, for they are all " eager to detect and betray one ano- " ther."—" But this is doing the devil's " work for nothing (cried I). What " ſhould induce them to revile their bene- " factor without provocation?" " Envy " (anſwered Dick) is the general incite- " ment; but they are galled by an addi- " tional ſcourge of provocation. S—— " directs a literary journal, in which their " productions are neceſſarily brought to " trial; and though many of them have " been treated with ſuch lenity and fa- " vour as they little deſerved, yet the " ſlighteſt cenſure, ſuch as, perhaps, " could not be avoided with any preten- " ſions to candour and impartiality, has " rankled in the hearts of thoſe authors " to ſuch a degree, that they have taken " immediate vengeance on the critic in " anonymous libels, letters, and lam- " poons. Indeed, all the writers of the " age, good, bad, and indifferent, from " the moment he aſſumed this office, " became his enemies, either profeſ- " ſed or in petto, except thoſe of his " friends who knew they had nothing to

" fear

"fear from his ſtrictures; and he muſt be "a wiſer man than me, who can tell what "advantage or ſatisfaction he derives "from having brought ſuch a neſt of "hornets about his ears."

I owned, that was a point which might deſerve conſideration; but ſtill I expreſſed a deſire to know his real motives for continuing his friendſhip to a ſet of raſcals equally ungrateful and inſignificant.—He ſaid, he did not pretend to aſſign any reaſonable motive; that, if the truth muſt be told, the man was, in point of conduct, a moſt incorrigible fool; that, though he pretended to have a knack at hitting off characters, he blundered ſtrangely in the diſtribution of his favours, which were generally beſtowed on the moſt undeſerving of thoſe who had recourſe to his aſſiſtance; that, indeed, this preference was not ſo much owing to want of diſcernment as to want of reſolution, for he had not fortitude enough to reſiſt the importunity even of the moſt worthleſs; and, as he did not know the value of money, there was very little merit in parting with it ſo eaſily; that his pride was gratified in ſeeing himſelf courted by ſuch a number of literary dependants; that, probably, he delighted in hearing them expoſe and

traduce one another; and, finally, from their information, he became acquainted with all the tranſactions of Grub-ſtreet, which he had ſome thoughts of compiling, for the entertainment of the public.

I could not help ſuſpecting, from Dick's diſcourſe, that he had ſome particular grudge againſt S——, upon whoſe conduct he had put the worſt conſtruction it would bear; and, by dint of croſs-examination, I found he was not at all ſatisfied with the character which had been given in the Review of his laſt performance, though it had been treated civilly, in conſequence of the author's application to the critic. By all accounts, S—— is not without weakneſs and caprice; but he is certainly good-humoured and civilized; nor do I find, that there is any thing over-bearing, cruel, or implacable in his diſpoſition.

I have dwelt ſo long upon authors, that you will perhaps ſuſpect I intend to enroll myſelf among the fraternity; but, if I were actually qualified for the profeſſion, it is at beſt but a deſperate reſource againſt ſtarving, as it affords no proviſion for old age and infirmity. Salmon, at the age of fourſcore, is now in a garret, compiling matter, at a guinea a ſheet for a mo-

a modern hiſtorian, who, in point of age, might be his grand-child; and Pſalmonazar, after having drudged half a century in the literary mill, in all the ſimplicity and abſtinence of an Aſiatic, ſubſiſts upon the charity of a few bookſellers, juſt ſufficient to keep him from the pariſh—I think Guy, who was himſelf a bookſeller, ought to have appropriated one wing or ward of his hoſpital to the uſe of decayed authors; though, indeed, there is neither hoſpital, college, nor work-houſe, within the bills of mortality, large enough to contain the poor of this ſociety, compoſed, as it is, from the refuſe of every other profeſſion.

I know not whether you will find any amuſement in this account of an odd race of mortals, whoſe conſtitution had, I own, greatly intereſted the curioſity of

Yours,

London, June 10. J. MELFORD.

To Miſs LÆTITIA WILLIS, at Glouceſter.

MY DEAR LETTY,

THERE is ſomething on my ſpirits, which I ſhould not venture to communicate by the poſt, but having the opportunity of Mrs. Brentwood's return, I ſeize it eagerly, to diſburthen my poor heart, which is oppreſſed with fear and vexation. —O Letty! what a miſerable ſituation it is, to be without a friend to whom one can apply for counſel and conſolation in diſtreſs! I hinted in my laſt, that one Mr. Barton had been very particular in his civilities: I can no longer miſtake his meaning—he has formally profeſſed himſelf my admirer; and, after a thouſand aſſiduities, perceiving I made but a cold return to his addreſſes, he had recourſe to the mediation of lady Griſkin, who has acted the part of a very warm advocate in his behalf:—but, my dear Willis, her ladyſhip over-acts her part—ſhe not only expatiates on the ample fortune, the great con-

connexions, and the unblemiſhed character of Mr. Barton, but ſhe takes the trouble to catechiſe me; and, two days ago, peremptorily told me, that a girl of my age could not poſſibly reſiſt ſo many conſiderations, if her heart was not pre-engaged.

This inſinuation threw me into ſuch a flutter, that ſhe could not but obſerve my diſorder; and, preſuming upon the diſcovery, inſiſted upon my making her the confidante of my paſſion. But, although I had not ſuch command of myſelf as to conceal the emotion of my heart, I am not ſuch a child as to diſcloſe its ſecrets to a perſon who would certainly uſe them to its prejudice. I told her, it was no wonder if I was out of countenance at her introducing a ſubject of converſation ſo unſuitable to my years and inexperience; that I believed Mr. Barton was a very worthy gentleman, and I was much obliged to him for his good opinion; but the affections were involuntary, and mine, in particular, had as yet made no conceſſions in his favour. She ſhook her head with an air of diſtruſt that made me tremble; and obſerved, that if my affections were free, they would ſubmit to the deciſion of prudence, eſpecially when

en-

enforced by the authority of thoſe who had a right to direct my conduct. This remark implied a deſign to intereſt my uncle or my aunt, perhaps my brother, in behalf of Mr. Barton's paſſion; and I am ſadly afraid that my aunt is already gained over. Yeſterday in the forenoon, he had been walking with us in the Park, and ſtopping in our return at a toy-ſhop, he preſented her with a very fine ſnuff-box, and me with a gold etuis, which I reſolutely refuſed, till ſhe commanded me to accept it on pain of her diſpleaſure: nevertheleſs, being ſtill unſatisfied with reſpect to the propriety of receiving this toy, I ſignified my doubts to my brother, who ſaid he would conſult my uncle on the ſubject, and ſeemed to think Mr. Barton had been rather premature in his preſents.

What will be the reſult of this conſultation, Heaven knows; but I am afraid it will produce an explanation with Mr. Barton, who will, no doubt, avow his paſſion, and ſollicit their conſent to a connexion which my ſoul abhors; for, my deareſt Letty, it is not in my power to love Mr. Barton, even if my heart was untouched by any other tenderneſs. Not that there is any thing diſagreeable about his

his perſon, but there is a total want of that nameleſs charm which captivates and controuls the inchanted ſpirit—at leaſt, he appears to me to have this defect; but if he had all the engaging qualifications which a man can poſſeſs, they would be excited in vain againſt that conſtancy, which, I flatter myſelf, is the characteriſtic of my nature. No, my dear Willis, I may be involved in freſh troubles, and I believe I ſhall, from the importunities of this gentleman and the violence of my relations; but my heart is incapable of change.

You know, I put no faith in dreams; and yet I have been much diſturbed by one that viſited me laſt night.—I thought I was in a church, where a certain perſon, whom you know, was on the point of being married to my aunt; that the clergyman was Mr. Barton, and that poor forlorn I ſtood weeping in a corner, half naked, and without ſhoes or ſtockings.—Now, I know there is nothing ſo childiſh as to be moved by thoſe vain illuſions; but, nevertheleſs, in ſpite of all my reaſon, this hath made a ſtrong impreſſion upon my mind, which begins to be very gloomy. Indeed, I have another more ſubſtantial cauſe of affliction—I have ſome re-

religious ſcruples, my dear friend, which lie heavy on my conſcience.—I was perſuaded to go to the Tabernacle, where I heard a diſcourſe that affected me deeply. —I have prayed fervently to be enlightened, but as yet I am not ſenſible of theſe inward motions, thoſe operations of grace, which are the ſigns of a regenerated ſpirit; and therefore I begin to be in terrible apprehenſions about the ſtate of my poor ſoul. Some of our family have had very uncommon acceſſions, particularly my aunt and Mrs. Jenkins, who ſometimes ſpeak as if they were really inſpired; ſo that I am not like to want for either exhortation or example, to purify my thoughts, and recall them from the vanities of this world, which, indeed, I would willingly reſign, if it was in my power; but to make this ſacrifice, I muſt be enabled by ſuch aſſiſtance from above as hath not yet been indulged to

Your unfortunate friend,

June 10. LYDIA MELFORD.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, of Jeſus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

THE moment I received your letter, I began to execute your commiſſion—With the aſſiſtance of mine hoſt at the Bull and Gate, I diſcovered the place to which your fugitive valet had retreated, and taxed him with his diſhoneſty—The fellow was in manifeſt confuſion at ſight of me, but he denied the charge with great confidence, till I told him, that if he would give up the watch, which was a family piece, he might keep the money and the clothes, and go to the devil his own way, at his leiſure; but if he rejected this propoſal, I would deliver him forthwith to the conſtable, whom I had provided for that purpoſe, and he would carry him before the juſtice without further delay. After ſome heſitation, he deſired to ſpeak with me in the next room, where he produced the watch, with all its

its appendages, and I have delivered it to our landlord, to be ſent you by the firſt ſafe conveyance——So much for buſineſs.

I ſhall grow vain, upon your ſaying you find entertainment in my letters; barren, as they certainly are, of incident and importance, becauſe your amuſement muſt ariſe, not from the matter, but from the manner, which you know is all my own.—Animated, therefore, by the approbation of a perſon, whoſe nice taſte and conſummate judgment I can no longer doubt, I will chearfully proceed with our memoirs.—As it is determined we ſhall ſet out next week for Yorkſhire, I went to-day in the forenoon with my uncle to ſee a carriage, belonging to a coach-maker in our neighbourhood.—Turning down a narrow lane, behind Longacre, we perceived a crowd of people ſtanding at a door; which, it ſeems, opened into a kind of a methodiſt meeting, and were informed, that a footman was then holding forth to the congregation within. Curious to ſee this phœnomenon, we ſqueezed into the place with much difficulty; and who ſhould this preacher be, but the identical Humphry Clinker. He had finiſhed his ſermon, and given out a

pſalm,

pſalm, the firſt ſtave of which he ſung with peculiar graces——But if we were aſtoniſhed to ſee Clinker in the pulpit, we were altogether confounded at finding all the females of our family among the audience—There was lady Griſkin, Mrs. Tabitha Bramble, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, my ſiſter Liddy, and Mr. Barton, and all of them joined in the pſalmody, with ſtrong marks of devotion.

I could hardly keep my gravity on this ludicrous occaſion; but old Square-toes was differently affected—The firſt thing that ſtruck him, was the preſumption of his lacquey, whom he commanded to come down, with ſuch an air of authority as Humphry did not think proper to diſregard. He deſcended immediately, and all the people were in commotion. Barton looked exceedingly ſheepiſh, lady Griſkin flirted her fan, Mrs. Tabby groaned in ſpirit, Liddy changed countenance, and Mrs. Jenkins ſobbed as if her heart was breaking—My uncle, with a ſneer, aſked pardon of the ladies, for having interrupted their devotion, ſaying, he had particular buſineſs with the preacher, whom he ordered to call a hackney-coach. This being immediately brought up to the end of the lane, he hand-

handed Liddy into it, and my aunt and I following him, we drove home, without taking any further notice of the reſt of the company, who ſtill remained in ſilent aſtoniſhment.

Mr. Bramble, perceiving Liddy in great trepidation, aſſumed a milder aſpect, bidding her be under no concern, for he was not at all diſpleaſed at any thing ſhe had done—"I have no objection (ſaid he) to "your being religiouſly inclined; but I "don't think my ſervant is a proper "ghoſtly director, for a devotee of your "ſex and character—if, in fact, (as I "rather believe) your aunt is not the ſole "conductreſs of this machine—" Mrs. Tabitha made no anſwer, but threw up the whites of her eyes, as if in the act of ejaculation—Poor Liddy ſaid ſhe had no right to the title of a devotee; that ſhe thought there was no harm in hearing a pious diſcourſe, even if it came from a footman, eſpecially as her aunt was preſent; but that if ſhe had erred from ignorance, ſhe hoped he would excuſe it, as ſhe could not bear the thoughts of living under his diſpleaſure. The old gentleman, preſſing her hand with a tender ſmile, ſaid ſhe was a good girl, and that he did not belive her capable of doing

any

any thing that could give him the leaſt umbrage or diſguſt.

When we arrived at our lodgings, he commanded Mr. Clinker to attend him up ſtairs; and ſpoke to him in theſe words—"Since you are called upon by "the ſpirit to preach and to teach, it is "high time to lay aſide the livery of an "earthly maſter; and, for my part, I "am unworthy to have an apoſtle in my "ſervice—" "I hope (ſaid Humphry) "I have not failed in my duty to your "honour—I ſhould be a vile wretch if I "did, conſidering the miſery from which "your charity and compaſſion relieved "me—but having an inward admonition "of the ſpirit ——" "An admonition "of the devil—(cried the 'ſquire, in a "paſſion) What admonition, you block-"head?—What right has ſuch a fellow "as you to ſet up for a reformer?" "Begging your honour's pardon, (re-"plied Clinker) may not the new light "of God's grace ſhine upon the poor "and the ignorant in their humility, as "well as upon the wealthy, and the phi-"loſopher in all his pride of human "learning?" "What you imagine to be "the new light of grace, (ſaid his ma-"ſter) I take to be a deceitful vapour,

"glim-

" glimmering through a crack in your " upper ſtory—In a word, Mr. Clinker, " I will have no light in my family but " what pays the king's taxes, unleſs it " be the light of reaſon, which you don't " pretend to follow."

" Ah, ſir! (cried Humphry) the light " of reaſon, is no more in compariſon to " the light I mean, than a farthing can- " dle to the ſun at noon—" " Very true, " (ſaid uncle) the one will ſerve to ſhew " you your way, and the other to daz- " zle and confound your weak brain— " Heark-ye, Clinker, you are either an " hypocritical knave, or a wrong-head- " ed enthuſiaſt; and, in either caſe, un- " fit for my ſervice—If you are a quack " in ſanctity and devotion, you will " find it an eaſy matter to impoſe upon " ſilly women, and others of crazed un- " derſtanding, who will contribute la- " viſhly for your ſupport—if you are re- " ally ſeduced by the reveries of a di- " ſturbed imagination, the ſooner you " loſe your ſenſes entirely, the better for " yourſelf and the community. In that " caſe, ſome charitable perſon might " provide you with a dark room and " clean ſtraw in Bedlam, where it would " not be in your power to infect others

" with

" with your fanaticiſm; whereas, if you " have juſt reflection enough left to " maintain the character of a choſen veſ- " ſel in the meetings of the godly, you " and your hearers will be miſled by a " Will-i'the-wiſp, from one error into " another, till you are plunged into re- " ligious frenzy; and then, perhaps, you " will hang yourſelf in deſpair——" " Which the Lord of his infinite mercy " forbid! (exclaimed the affrighted Clin- " ker) It is very poſſible I may be under " the temptation of the devil, who wants " to wreck me on the rocks of ſpiritual " pride—Your honour ſays, I am either " a knave or a madman; now, as I'll " aſſure your honour I am no knave, " it follows that I muſt be mad; there- " fore, I beſeech your honour, upon my " knees, to take my caſe into conſidera- " tion, that means may be uſed for my " recovery——"

The 'ſquire could not help ſmiling at the poor fellow's ſimplicity, and promiſed to take care of him, provided he would mind the buſineſs of his place, without running after the new-light of methodiſm: but Mrs. Tabitha took offence at his humility, which ſhe interpreted into poorneſs of ſpirit and worldly

ly mindedneſs—She upbraided him with the want of courage to ſuffer for conſcience-ſake——She obſerved, that if he ſhould loſe his place for bearing teſtimony to the truth, Providence would not fail to find him another, perhaps more advantageous; and, declaring that it could not be very agreeable to live in a family where an inquiſition was eſtabliſhed, retired to another room in great agitation.

My uncle followed her with a ſignificant look, then, turning to the preacher, "You hear what my ſiſter ſays—If you "cannot live with me upon ſuch terms "as I have preſcribed, the vineyard of "methodiſm lies before you, and ſhe "ſeems very well diſpoſed to reward "your labour—" "I would not willingly give offence to any ſoul upon "earth (anſwered Humphry); her lady-"ſhip has been very good to me, ever "ſince we came to London; and ſurely "ſhe has a heart turned for religious "exerciſes; and both ſhe and lady Griſ-"kin ſing pſalms and hymns like two "cherubims——But, at the ſame time, "I'm bound to love and obey your ho-"nour—It becometh not ſuch a poor "ignorant fellow as me, to hold diſ-

" pute with gentlemen of rank and learn-
" ing—As for the matter of knowledge,
" I am no more than a beaſt in compa-
" riſon of your honour; therefore I ſub-
" mit; and, with God's grace, I will
" follow you to the world's end, if you
" don't think me too far gone to be out
" of confinement—"

His maſter promiſed to keep him for ſome time longer on trial; then deſired to know in what manner lady Griſkin and Mr. Barton came to join their religious ſociety. He told him, that her ladyſhip was the perſon who firſt carried my aunt and ſiſter to the Tabernacle, whither he attended them, and had his devotion kindled by Mr. W——'s preaching: that he was confirmed in this new way, by the preacher's ſermons, which he had bought and ſtudied with great attention: that his diſcourſe and prayers had brought over Mrs. Jenkins and the houſe-maid to the ſame way of thinking; but as for Mr. Barton, he had never ſeen him at ſervice before this day, when he came in company with lady Griſkin——Humphry, moreover, owned that he had been encouraged to mount the roſtrum, by the example and ſucceſs of a weaver, who was much followed as a powerful mini-

ſter: that on his firſt trial, he found himſelf under ſuch ſtrong impulſions, as made him believe he was certainly moved by the ſpirit; and that he had aſſiſted in lady Griſkin's, and ſeveral private houſes, at exerciſes of devotion.

Mr. Bramble was no ſooner informed, that her ladyſhip had acted as the primum mobile of this confederacy, than he concluded ſhe had only made uſe of Clinker as a tool, ſubſervient to the execution of ſome deſign, to the true ſecret of which he was an utter ſtranger—He obſerved, that her ladyſhip's brain was a perfect mill for projects; and that ſhe and Tabby had certainly engaged in ſome ſecret treaty, the nature of which he could not comprehend. I told him I thought it was no difficult matter to perceive the drift of Mrs. Tabitha, which was to enſnare the heart of Barton, and that in all likelihood my lady Griſkin acted as her auxiliary: that this ſuppoſition would account for their endeavours to convert him to methodiſm; an event which would occaſion a connexion of ſouls that might be eaſily improved into a matrimonial union.

My uncle ſeemed to be much diverted by the thoughts of this ſcheme's

ſucceeding; but I gave him to underſtand, that Barton was pre-engaged: that he had the day before made a preſent of an etuis to Liddy, which her aunt had obliged her to receive, with a view, no doubt, to countenance her own accepting of a ſnuff-box at the ſame time: that my ſiſter having made me acquainted with this incident, I had deſired an explanation of Mr. Barton, who declared his intentions were honourable, and expreſſed his hope that I would have no objections to his alliance: that I had thanked him for the honour he intended our family; but told him, it would be neceſſary to conſult her uncle and aunt, who were her guardians: and their approbation being obtained, I could have no objection to his propoſal; though I was perſuaded that no violence would be offered to my ſiſter's inclinations, in a tranſaction that ſo nearly intereſted the happineſs of her future life: that he had aſſured me, he ſhould never think of availing himſelf of a guardian's authority, unleſs he could render his addreſſes agreeable to the young lady herſelf; and that he would immediately demand permiſſion of Mr. and Miſs Bramble, to make Liddy a tender of his hand and fortune.

The 'ſquire was not inſenſible to the advantages of ſuch a match, and declared he would promote it with all his influence; but when I took notice that there ſeemed to be an averſion on the ſide of Liddy, he ſaid he would ſound her on the ſubject; and if her reluctance was ſuch as would not be eaſily overcome, he would civilly decline the propoſal of Mr. Barton; for he thought that, in the choice of a huſband, a young woman ought not to ſacrifice the feelings of her heart for any conſideration upon earth—"Liddy is not ſo deſperate (ſaid he) "as to worſhip fortune at ſuch an ex-"pence." I take it for granted, this whole affair will end in ſmoke; though there ſeems to be a ſtorm brewing in the quarter of Mrs. Tabby, who ſat with all the ſullen dignity of ſilence at dinner, ſeemingly pregnant with complaint and expoſtulation. As ſhe hath certainly marked Barton for her own prey, ſhe cannot poſſibly favour his ſuit to Liddy; and therefore I expect ſomething extraordinary will attend his declaring himſelf my ſiſter's admirer. This declaration will certainly be made in form, as ſoon as the lover can pick up reſolution enough to ſtand the brunt of Mrs. Tabby's diſappoint-

pointment; for he is, without doubt, aware of her deſigns upon his perſon—— The particulars of the *denouement* you ſhall know in due ſeaſon: mean while I am

always yours,

London, June 10. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

THE deceitful calm was of ſhort duration. I am plunged again in a ſea of vexation, and the complaints in my ſtomach and bowels are returned; ſo that I ſuppoſe I ſhall be diſabled from proſecuting the excurſion I had planned —What the devil had I to do, to come a plague hunting with a leaſh of females in my train? Yeſterday my precious ſiſter (who, by the bye, has been for ſome time a profeſſed methodiſt) came into my apartment, attended by Mr. Barton, and

deſired an audience with a very ſtately air—" Brother, (ſaid ſhe) this gentle-" man has ſomething to propoſe, which " I flatter myſelf will be the more accept-" able, as it will rid you of a trouble-" ſome companion." Then Mr. Barton proceeded to this effect—" I am, indeed, " extremely ambitious of being allied to " your family, Mr. Bramble, and I hope " you will ſee no cauſe to interpoſe your " authority." " As for authority, (ſaid " Tabby, interrupting him with ſome " warmth) I know of none that he has " a right to uſe on this occaſion—If I " pay him the compliment of making " him acquainted with the ſtep I intend " to take, it is all he can expect in rea-" ſon—This is as much as I believe he " would do by me, if he intended to " change his own ſituation in life—In a " word, brother, I am ſo ſenſible of Mr. " Barton's extraordinary merit, that I " have been prevailed upon to alter my " reſolution of living a ſingle life, and to " put my happineſs in his hands, by " veſting him with a legal title to my " perſon and fortune, ſuch as they are. " The buſineſs at preſent, is to have the " writings drawn; and I ſhall be obli-

" ged

" ged to you, if you will recommend a " lawyer to me for that purpoſe—"

You may gueſs what an effect this overture had upon me; who, from the information of my nephew, expected that Barton was to make a formal declaration of his paſſion for Liddy; I could not help gazing in ſilent aſtoniſhment, alternately at Tabby, and her ſuppoſed admirer, which laſt hung his head in the moſt awkward confuſion for a few minutes, and then retired on pretence of being ſuddenly ſeized with a vertigo——Mrs. Tabitha affected much concern, and would have had him make uſe of a bed in the houſe; but he inſiſted upon going home, that he might have recourſe to ſome drops, which he kept for ſuch emergencies, and his innamorata acquieſced—In the mean time I was exceedingly puzzled at this adventure, (though I ſuſpected the truth) and did not know in what manner to demean myſelf towards Mrs. Tabitha, when Jery came in and told me, he had juſt ſeen Mr. Barton alight from his chariot at lady Griſkin's door—This incident ſeemed to threaten a viſit from her ladyſhip, with which we were honoured accordingly, in leſs than half an hour—" I find (ſaid ſhe) " there has been a match of croſs pur-

" poſes among you good folks; and I'm " come to ſet you to rights—" So ſaying, ſhe preſented me with the following billet—

" Dear Sir,

" I no ſooner recollected myſelf from " the extreme confuſion I was thrown into, by that unlucky miſtake of your " ſiſter, than I thought it my duty to " aſſure you, that my devoirs to Mrs. " Bramble never exceeded the bounds of " ordinary civility; and that my heart is " unalterably fixed upon miſs Liddy " Melford, as I had the honour to declare to her brother, when he queſtioned me upon that ſubject—Lady Griſkin " has been ſo good as to charge herſelf, " not only with the delivery of this note, " but alſo with the taſk of undeceiving " Mrs. Bramble, for whom I have the " moſt profound reſpect and veneration, " though my affection being otherwiſe " engaged, is no longer in the power " of

" Sir,

" your very humble ſervant,

" RALPH BARTON."

Having caſt my eyes over this billet, I told her ladyſhip, that I would no longer retard the friendly office ſhe had undertaken; and I and Jery forthwith retired into another room. There we ſoon perceived the converſation grow very warm betwixt the two ladies; and, at length, could diſtinctly hear certain terms of altercation, which we could no longer delay interrupting, with any regard to decorum. When we entered the ſcene of contention, we found Liddy had joined the diſputants, and ſtood trembling betwixt them, as if ſhe had been afraid they would have proceeded to ſomething more practical than words——Lady Griſkin's face was like the full moon in a ſtorm of wind, glaring, fiery, and portentuous; while Tabby looked grim and ghaſtly, with an aſpect breathing diſcord and diſmay.—Our appearance put a ſtop to their mutual revilings; but her ladyſhip turning to me, "Couſin, (ſaid ſhe) I can't "help ſaying I have met with a very un-"grateful return from this lady, for the "pains I have taken to ſerve her fami-"ly—" "My family is much obliged "to your ladyſhip (cried Tabby, with a "kind of hyſterical giggle); but we "have no right to the good offices of

" ſuch an honourable go-between."
" But, for all that, good Mrs. Tabitha
" Bramble, (reſumed the other) I ſhall
" be content with the reflection, That
" virtue is its own reward; and it ſhall
" not be my fault, if you continue to
" make yourſelf ridiculous—Mr. Bram-
" ble, who has no little intereſt of his
" own to ſerve, will, no doubt, contri-
" bute all in his power to promote a
" match betwixt Mr. Barton and his
" niece, which will be equally honour-
" able and advantageous; and, I dare
" ſay, miſs Liddy herſelf will have no
" objection to a meaſure ſo well calcu-
" lated to make her happy in life——"
" I beg your ladyſhip's pardon, (exclaim-
" ed Liddy, with great vivacity) I have
" nothing but miſery to expect from ſuch
" a meaſure; and I hope my guardians
" will have too much compaſſion, to bar-
" ter my peace of mind for any conſide-
" ration of intereſt or fortune—" " Up-
" on my word, miſs Liddy! (ſaid ſhe)
" you have profited by the example of
" your good aunt—I comprehend your
" meaning, and will explain it when I
" have a proper opportunity——In the
" mean time, I ſhall take my leave—
" Madam, your moſt obedient, and de-
" voted

"voted humble ſervant." ſaid ſhe, advancing cloſe up to my ſiſter, and curtſying ſo low, that I thought ſhe intended to ſquat herſelf down on the floor—This ſalutation Tabby returned with equal ſolemnity; and the expreſſion of the two faces, while they continued in this attitude, would be no bad ſubject for a pencil like that of the incomparable Hogarth, if any ſuch ſhould ever appear again, in theſe times of dulneſs and degeneracy.

Jery accompanied her ladyſhip to her houſe, that he might have an opportunity to reſtore the etuis to Barton, and adviſe him to give up his ſuit, which was ſo diſagreeable to his ſiſter, againſt whom, however, he returned much irritated—Lady Griſkin had aſſured him that Liddy's heart was pre-occupied; and immediately the idea of Wilſon recurring to his imagination, his family-pride took the alarm—He denounced vengeance againſt that adventurer, and was diſpoſed to be very peremptory with his ſiſter; but I deſired he would ſuppreſs his reſentment, until I ſhould have talked with her in private.

The poor girl, when I earneſtly preſſed her on this head, owned, with a flood

of tears, that Wilſon had actually come to the Hot Well at Briſtol, and even introduced himſelf into our lodgings as a Jew pedlar; but that nothing had paſſed betwixt them, further than her begging him to withdraw immediately, if he had any regard for her peace of mind: that he had diſappeared accordingly, after having attempted to prevail upon my ſiſter's maid, to deliver a letter; which, however, ſhe refuſed to receive, though ſhe had conſented to carry a meſſage, importing that he was a gentleman of a good family; and that, in a very little time, he would avow his paſſion in that character —She confeſſed, that although he had not kept his word in this particular, he was not yet altogether indifferent to her affection; but ſolemnly promiſed, ſhe would never carry on any correſpondence with him, or any other admirer, for the future, without the privity and approbation of her brother and me.

By this declaration, ſhe made her own peace with Jery; but the hot-headed boy is more than ever incenſed againſt Wilſon, whom he now conſiders as an impoſtor, that harbours ſome infamous deſign upon the honour of his family—As for Barton, he was not a little mortified

to find his preſent returned, and his addreſſes ſo unfavourably received; but he is not a man to be deeply affected by ſuch diſappointments; and I know not whether he is not as well pleaſed with being diſcarded by Liddy, as he would have been with a permiſſion to proſecute his pretenſions, at the riſque of being every day expoſed to the revenge or machinations of Tabby, who is not to be ſlighted with impunity.—I had not much time to moralize on theſe occurrences; for the houſe was viſited by a conſtable and his gang, with a warrant from juſtice Buzzard, to ſearch the box of Humphry Clinker, my footman, who was juſt apprehended as a highwayman—This incident threw the whole family into confuſion. My ſiſter ſcolded the conſtable for preſuming to enter the lodgings of a gentleman on ſuch an errand, without having firſt aſked, and obtained permiſſion; her maid was frightened into fits, and Liddy ſhed tears of compaſſion for the unfortunate Clinker, in whoſe box, however, nothing was found to confirm the ſuſpicion of robbery.

For my own part, I made no doubt of the fellow's being miſtaken for ſome other perſon, and I went directly to

the

the juſtice, in order to procure his diſcharge; but there I found the matter much more ſerious than I expected—Poor Clinker ſtood trembling at the bar, ſurrounded by thief-takers; and at a little diſtance, a thick, ſquat fellow, a poſtilion, his accuſer, who had ſeized him in the ſtreet, and ſwore poſitively to his perſon, that the ſaid Clinker had, on the 15th day of March laſt, on Blackheath, robbed a gentleman in a poſt-chaiſe, which he (the poſtilion) drove—This depoſition was ſufficient to juſtify his commitment; and he was ſent accordingly to Clerkenwell priſon, whither Jery accompanied him in the coach, in order to recommend him properly to the keeper, that he may want for no convenience which the place affords.

The ſpectators, who aſſembled to ſee this highwayman, were ſagacious enough to diſcern ſomething very villanous in his aſpect; which (begging their pardon) is the very picture of ſimplicity; and the juſtice himſelf put a very unfavourable conſtruction upon ſome of his anſwers, which, he ſaid, ſavoured of the ambiguity and equivocation of an old offender; but, in my opinion, it would have been more juſt and humane to impute them to the confuſion into which we may ſuppoſe

poſe a poor country lad to be thrown on ſuch an occaſion. I am ſtill perſuaded he is innocent; and, in this perſuaſion, I can do no leſs than uſe my utmoſt endeavours that he may not be oppreſſed—I ſhall, to-morrow, ſend my nephew to wait on the gentleman who was robbed, and beg he will have the humanity to go and ſee the priſoner; that, in caſe he ſhould find him quite different from the perſon of the highwayman, he may bear teſtimony in his behalf—Howſoever it may fare with Clinker, this curſed affair will be to me productive of intolerable chagrin—I have already caught a dreadful cold, by ruſhing into the open air from the juſtice's parlour, where I had been ſtewing in the crowd; and though I ſhould not be laid up with the gout, as I believe I ſhall, I muſt ſtay at London for ſome weeks, till this poor devil comes to his trial at Rocheſter; ſo that, in all probability, my Northern expedition is blown up.

If you can find any thing in your philoſophical budget, to conſole me in the midſt of theſe diſtreſſes and apprehenſions, pray let it be communicated to

your unfortunate friend,

London, June 12. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jeſus college, Oxon.

DEAR WAT,

THE farce is finiſhed, and another piece of a graver caſt brought upon the ſtage.——Our aunt made a deſperate attack upon Barton, who had no other way of ſaving himſelf, but by leaving her in poſſeſſion of the field, and avowing his pretenſions to Liddy, by whom he has been rejected in his turn.—Lady Griſkin acted as his advocate and agent on this occaſion, with ſuch zeal as embroiled her with Mrs. Tabitha, and a high ſcene of altercation paſſed betwixt theſe two religioniſts, which might have come to action, had not my uncle interpoſed. They are however reconciled, in conſequence of an event which hath involved us all in trouble and diſquiet. You muſt know, the poor preacher, Humphry Clinker, is now exerciſing his miniſtry among the felons in Clerkenwell priſon.—A poſtilion having

ing ſworn a robbery againſt him, no bail could be taken, and he was committed to jail, notwithſtanding all the remonſtrances and intereſt my uncle could make in his behalf.

All things conſidered, the poor fellow cannot poſſibly be guilty, and yet, I believe, he runs ſome riſque of being hanged.—Upon his examination, he anſwered with ſuch heſitation and reſerve, as perſuaded moſt of the people, who crowded the place, that he was really a knave, and the juſtice's remarks confirmed their opinion. Excluſive of my uncle and myſelf, there was only one perſon who ſeemed inclined to favour the culprit.—He was a young man, well dreſſed, and, from the manner in which he croſs-examined the evidence, we took it for granted, that he was a ſtudent in one of the inns of court.—He freely checked the juſtice for ſome uncharitable inferences he made to the prejudice of the priſoner, and even ventured to diſpute with his worſhip on certain points of law.

My uncle, provoked at the unconnected and dubious anſwers of Clinker, who ſeemed in danger of falling a ſacrifice to his own ſimplicity, exclaimed, "In "the name of God, if you are innocent,

"ſay

"ſay ſo." "No, (cried he) God forbid, "that I ſhould call myſelf innocent, while "my conſcience is burthened with ſin." "What then, you did commit this rob- "bery?" reſumed his maſter. "No, "ſure, (ſaid he) bleſſed be the Lord, "I'm free of that guilt."

Here the juſtice interpoſed, obſerving, that the man ſeemed inclined to make a diſcovery by turning king's evidence, and deſired the clerk to take his confeſſion; upon which Humphry declared, that he looked upon confeſſion to be a popiſh fraud, invented by the whore of Babylon. The Templar affirmed, that the poor fellow was *non compos*; and exhorted the juſtice to diſcharge him as a lunatic.—— "You know very well, (added he) that "the robbery in queſtion was not com- "mitted by the priſoner."

The thief-takers grinned at one another; and Mr. Juſtice Buzzard replied with great emotion, "Mr. Martin, I deſire "you will mind your own buſineſs; I "ſhall convince you one of theſe days "that I underſtand mine." In ſhort, there was no remedy; the mittimus was made out, and poor Clinker ſent to priſon in a hackney-coach, guarded by the conſtable, and accompanied by your humble ſervant.

ſervant. By the way, I was not a little ſurpriſed to hear this retainer to juſtice bid the priſoner to keep up his ſpirits, for that he did not at all doubt, but that he would get off for a few weeks confinement.—He ſaid, his worſhip knew very well that Clinker was innocent of the fact, and that the real highwayman, who robbed the chaiſe, was no other than that very individual Mr. Martin, who had pleaded ſo ſtrenuouſly for honeſt Humphry.

Confounded at this information, I aſked, "Why then is he ſuffered to go "about at his liberty, and this poor "innocent fellow treated as a malefac-"tor?" "We have exact intelligence "of all Mr. Martin's tranſactions; (ſaid "he) but as yet there is not evidence "ſufficient for his conviction; and as for "this young man, the juſtice could do "no leſs than commit him, as the poſti-"lion ſwore point-blank to his identity." "So if this raſcally poſtilion ſhould per-"ſiſt in the falſity to which he is ſworn, "(ſaid I) this innocent lad may be brought "to the gallows."

The conſtable obſerved, that he would have time enough to prepare for his trial, and might prove an *alibi*; or, perhaps, Mar-

Martin might be apprehended and convicted for another fact; in which caſe, he might be prevailed upon to take this affair upon himſelf; or, finally, if theſe chances ſhould fail, and the evidence ſtand good againſt Clinker, the jury might recommend him to mercy, in conſideration of his youth, eſpecially if this ſhould appear to be the firſt fact of which he had been guilty.

Humphry owned, he could not pretend to recollect where he had been on the day when the robbery was committed, much leſs prove a circumſtance of that kind ſo far back as ſix months, though he knew he had been ſick of the fever and ague, which, however, did not prevent him from going about—then, turning up his eyes, he ejaculated, "The Lord's will "be done! if it be my fate to ſuffer, I "hope I ſhall not diſgrace the faith, of "which, though unworthy, I make pro-"feſſion."

When I expreſſed my ſurprize, that the accuſer ſhould perſiſt in charging Clinker, without taking the leaſt notice of the real robber, who ſtood before him, and to whom, indeed, Humphry bore not the ſmalleſt reſemblance; the conſtable (who was himſelf a thief-taker) gave me

to

to underſtand, that Mr. Martin was the beſt qualified for buſineſs of all the gentlemen on the road he had ever known; that he had always acted on his own bottom, without partner or correſpondent, and never went to work, but when he was cool and ſober; that his courage and preſence of mind never failed him; that his addreſs was genteel, and his behaviour void of all cruelty and inſolence; that he never encumbered himſelf with watches or trinkets, nor even with bank-notes, but always dealt for ready money, and that in the current coin of the kingdom; and that he could diſguiſe himſelf and his horſe in ſuch a manner, that, after the action, it was impoſſible to recognize either the one or the other—"This great man "(ſaid he) has reigned paramount in all "the roads within fifty miles of London "above fifteen months, and has done "more buſineſs in that time, than all "the reſt of the profeſſion put together; "for thoſe who paſs through his hands "are ſo delicately dealt with, that they "have no deſire to give him the leaſt diſ-"turbance; but for all that, his race is "almoſt run—he is now fluttering about "juſtice, like a moth about a candle—"there are ſo many lime-twigs laid in his

"way,

"way, that I'll bett a cool hundred, he "ſwings before Chriſtmas."

Shall I own to you, that this portrait, drawn by a ruffian, heightened by what I myſelf had obſerved in his deportment, has intereſted me warmly in the fate of poor Martin, whom nature ſeems to have intended for a uſeful and honourable member of that community upon which he now preys for ſubſiſtence? It ſeems, he lived ſome time as a clerk to a timber-merchant, whoſe daughter Martin having privately married, was diſcarded, and his wife turned out of doors. She did not long ſurvive her marriage; and Martin, turning fortune-hunter, could not ſupply his occaſions any other way, than by taking to the road, in which he has travelled hitherto with uncommon ſucceſs.—He pays his reſpects regularly to Mr. Juſtice Buzzard, the thief-catcher-general of this metropolis, and ſometimes they ſmoke a pipe together very lovingly, when the converſation generally turns upon the nature of evidence.—The juſtice has given him fair warning to take care of himſelf, and he has received his caution in good part.—Hitherto he has baffled all the vigilance, art, and activity of Buzzard and his emiſſaries, with ſuch conduct as would have

have done honour to the genius of a Cæſar or a Turenne; but he has one weakneſs, which has proved fatal to all the heroes of his tribe, namely, an indiſcreet devotion to the fair ſex, and, in all probability, he will be attacked on this defenceleſs quarter.

Be that as it may, I ſaw the body of poor Clinker conſigned to the gaoler of Clerkenwell, to whoſe indulgence I recommended him ſo effectually, that he received him in the moſt hoſpitable manner, though there was a neceſſity for equipping him with a ſuit of irons, in which he made a very rueful appearance. The poor creature ſeemed as much affected by my uncle's kindneſs, as by his own misfortune. When I aſſured him, that nothing ſhould be left undone for procuring his enlargement, and making his confinement eaſy in the mean time, he fell down on his knees, and kiſſing my hand, which he bathed with his tears, "O "'ſquire! (cried he, ſobbing) what ſhall I "ſay?—I can't—no, I can't ſpeak—my "poor heart is burſting with gratitude to "you and my dear—dear—generous— "noble benefactor."

I proteſt, the ſcene became ſo pathetic, that I was fain to force myſelf away, and re-

returned to my uncle, who ſent me in the afternoon with a compliment to one Mr. Mead, the perſon who had been robbed on Black-heath. As I did not find him at home, I left a meſſage, in conſequence of which he called at our lodgings this morning, and very humanely agreed to viſit the priſoner. By this time, lady Griſkin had come to make her formal compliments of condolance to Mrs. Tabitha, on this domeſtic calamity; and that prudent maiden, whoſe paſſion was now cooled, thought proper to receive her ladyſhip ſo civilly, that a reconciliation immediately enſued. Theſe two ladies reſolved to comfort the poor priſoner in their own perſons, and Mr. Mead and I 'ſquired them to Clerkenwell, my uncle being detained at home by ſome ſlight complaints in his ſtomach and bowels.

The turnkey, who received us at Clerkenwell, looked remarkably ſullen; and when we enquired for Clinker, "I don't "care, if the devil had him; (ſaid he) "here has been nothing but canting and "praying ſince the fellow entered the "place.—Rabbit him! the tap will be "ruined—we han't ſold a caſk of beer, "nor a dozen of wine, ſince he paid his

"gar-

"niſh—the gentlemen get drunk with "nothing but your damned religion.——— "For my part, I believe as how your "man deals with the devil.—Two or "three as bold hearts as ever took the air "upon Hounſlow, have been blubbering "all night; and if the fellow an't ſpeedi- "ly removed by Habeas Corpus, or "otherwiſe, I'll be damn'd if there's a "grain of true ſpirit left within theſe "walls—we ſhan't have a ſoul to do cre- "dit to the place, or make his exit like a "true-born Engliſhman—damn my eyes! "there will be nothing but ſnivelling in "the cart—we ſhall all die like ſo many "pſalm ſinging weavers."

In ſhort, we found that Humphry was, at that very inſtant, haranguing the felons in the chapel; and that the gaoler's wife and daughter, together with my aunt's woman, Win Jenkins, and our houſe-maid, were among the audience, which we immediately joined. I never ſaw any thing ſo ſtrongly pictureſque as this congregation of felons clanking their chains, in the midſt of whom ſtood orator Clinker, expatiating, in a tranſport of fervor, on the torments of hell, denounced in ſcripture againſt evil-doers, comprehending murderers, robbers, thieves,

and whoremongers. The variety of attention exhibited in the faces of thoſe ragamuffins, formed a groupe that would not have diſgraced the pencil of a Raphael. In one, it denoted admiration; in another, doubt; in a third, diſdain; in a fourth, contempt; in a fifth, terror; in a ſixth, deriſion; and in a ſeventh, indignation.—As for Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, ſhe was in tears, overwhelmed with ſorrow; but whether for her own ſins, or the misfortune of Clinker, I cannot pretend to ſay. The other females ſeemed to liſten with a mixture of wonder and devotion. The gaoler's wife declared he was a ſaint in trouble, ſaying, ſhe wiſhed from her heart, there was ſuch another good ſoul, like him, in every gaol in England.

Mr. Mead, having earneſtly ſurveyed the preacher, declared his appearance was ſo different from that of the perſon who robbed him on Black-heath, that he could freely make oath he was not the man: but Humphry himſelf was by this time pretty well rid of all apprehenſions of being hanged; for he had been the night before ſolemnly tried and acquitted by his fellow-priſoners, ſome of whom he had already converted to methodiſm. He

now

now made proper acknowledgements for the honour of our viſit, and was permitted to kiſs the hands of the ladies, who aſſured him, he might depend upon their friendſhip and protection. Lady Griſkin, in her great zeal, exhorted his fellow-priſoners to profit by the precious opportunity of having ſuch a ſaint in bonds among them, and turn over a new leaf for the benefit of their poor ſouls; and, that her admonition might have the greater effect, ſhe reinforced it with her bounty.

While ſhe and Mrs. Tabby returned in the coach with the two maid-ſervants, I waited on Mr. Mead to the houſe of juſtice Buzzard, who, having heard his declaration, ſaid his oath could be of no uſe at preſent, but that he would be a material evidence for the priſoner at his trial; ſo that there ſeems to be no remedy but patience for poor Clinker; and, indeed, the ſame virtue, or medicine, will be neceſſary for us all, the 'ſquire in particular, who had ſet his heart upon his excurſion to the northward.

While we were viſiting honeſt Humphry in Clerkenwell priſon, my uncle received a much more extraordinary viſit at his own lodgings. Mr. Martin, of whom I have made ſuch honourable mention,

deſired permiſſion to pay him his reſpects, and was admitted accordingly. He told him, that having obſerved him, at Mr. Buzzard's, a good deal diſturbed by what had happened to his ſervant, he had come to aſſure him he had nothing to apprehend for Clinker's life; for, if it was poſſible that any jury could find him guilty upon ſuch evidence, he, Martin himſelf, would produce in court a perſon, whoſe depoſition would bring him off clear as the ſun at noon.—Sure, the fellow would not be ſo romantic as to take the robbery upon himſelf!—He ſaid, the poſtilion was an infamous fellow, who had been a dabbler in the ſame profeſſion, and ſaved his life at the Old Bailey by impeaching his companions; that being now reduced to great poverty, he had made this deſperate puſh, to ſwear away the life of an innocent man, in hopes of having the reward upon his conviction; but that he would find himſelf miſerably diſappointed, for the juſtice and his myrmidons were determined to admit of no interloper in this branch of buſineſs; and that he did not at all doubt but that they would find matter enough to ſhop the evidence himſelf before the next gaol-delivery. He affirmed, that all theſe circumſtances were well

well known to the juſtice; and that his ſeverity to Clinker was no other than a hint to his maſter to make him a preſent in private, as an acknowledgement of his candour and humanity.

This hint, however, was ſo unpalatable to Mr. Bramble, that he declared, with great warmth, he would rather confine himſelf for life to London, which he deteſted, than be at liberty to leave it to-morrow, in conſequence of encouraging corruption in a magiſtrate. Hearing, however, how favourable Mr. Mead's report had been for the priſoner, he is reſolved to take the advice of counſel in what manner to proceed for his immediate enlargement. I make no doubt, but that in a day or two this troubleſome buſineſs may be diſcuſſed; and in this hope we are preparing for our journey. If our endeavours do not miſcarry, we ſhall have taken the field before you hear again from

Yours,

London, June 11. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

THANK Heaven! dear Lewis, the clouds are diſperſed, and I have now the cleareſt proſpect of my ſummer campaign, which, I hope, I ſhall be able to begin to-morrow. I took the advice of counſel, with reſpect to the caſe of Clinker, in whoſe favour a lucky incident has intervened. The fellow who accuſed him, has had his own battery turned upon himſelf.—Two days ago, he was apprehended for a robbery on the highway, and committed, on the evidence of an accomplice. Clinker, having moved for a writ of *habeas corpus*, was brought before the lord chief juſtice, who, in conſequence of an affidavit of the gentleman who had been robbed, importing that the ſaid Clinker was not the perſon who ſtopped him on the highway, as well as in conſideration of the poſtilion's character and preſent circumſtances, was pleaſed to order, that my ſervant ſhould be admitted to bail, and he has been diſcharged accordingly, to the unſpeakable ſatisfaction of our whole family,

family, to which he has recommended himſelf in an extraordinary manner, not only by his obliging deportment, but by his talents of preaching, praying, and ſinging pſalms, which he has exerciſed with ſuch effect, that even Tabby reſpects him as a choſen veſſel. If there was any thing like affectation or hypocriſy in this exceſs of religion, I would not keep him in my ſervice; but, ſo far as I can obſerve, the fellow's character is downright ſimplicity, warmed with a kind of enthuſiaſm, which renders him very ſuſceptible of gratitude and attachment to his benefactors.

As he is an excellent horſeman, and underſtands farriery, I have bought a ſtout gelding for his uſe, that he may attend us on the road, and have an eye to our cattle, in caſe the coachman ſhould not mind his buſineſs. My nephew, who is to ride his own ſaddle horſe, has taken, upon trial, a ſervant juſt come from abroad with his former maſter, ſir William Strollop, who vouches for his honeſty. The fellow, whoſe name is Dutton, ſeems to be a petit-maitre.—He has got a ſmattering of French, bows, and grins, and ſhrugs, and takes ſnuff *a la mode de France*, but values himſelf chiefly

upon his ſkill and dexterity in hair-dreſſing.—If I am not much deceived by appearance, he is, in all reſpects, the very contraſt of Humphry Clinker.

My ſiſter has made up matters with lady Griſkin; though, I muſt own, I ſhould not have been ſorry to ſee that connexion entirely deſtroyed: but Tabby is not of a diſpoſition to forgive Barton, who, I underſtand, is gone to his ſeat in Berkſhire for the ſummer ſeaſon. I cannot help ſuſpecting, that in the treaty of peace, which has been lately ratified betwixt thoſe two females, it is ſtipulated, that her ladyſhip ſhall uſe her beſt endeavours to provide an agreeable help-mate for our ſiſter Tabitha, who ſeems to be quite deſperate in her matrimonial deſigns. Perhaps, the match-maker is to have a valuable conſideration in the way of brokerage, which ſhe will moſt certainly deſerve, if ſhe can find any man in his ſenſes, who will yoke with Mrs. Bramble from motives of affection or intereſt.

I find my ſpirits and my health affect each other reciprocally—that is to ſay, every thing that diſcompoſes my mind, produces a correſpondent diſorder in my body; and my bodily complaints are remarkably mitigated by thoſe conſiderations.

tions that diſſipate the clouds of mental chagrin.—The impriſonment of Clinker brought on thoſe ſymptoms which I mentioned in my laſt, and now they are vaniſhed at his diſcharge.—It muſt be owned, indeed, I took ſome of the tincture of ginſeng, prepared according to your preſcription, and found it exceedingly grateful to the ſtomach; but the pain and ſickneſs continued to return, after ſhort intervals, till the anxiety of my mind was entirely removed, and then I found myſelf perfectly at eaſe. We have had fair weather theſe ten days, to the aſtoniſhment of the Londoners, who think it portentous. If you enjoy the ſame indulgence in Wales, I hope Barns has got my hay made, and ſafe cocked, by this time. As we ſhall be in motion for ſome weeks, I cannot expect to hear from you as uſual; but I ſhall continue to write from every place at which we make any halt, that you may know our track, in caſe it ſhould be neceſſary to communicate any thing to

Your aſſured friend,

London, June 14. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Mrs. MARY JONES, at Bramble-ton-hall, &c.

DEAR MARY,

HAVING the occaſion of my couſin Jenkins of Aberga'ny, I ſend you, as a token, a turkey-ſhell comb, a kiple of yards of green ribbon, and a ſarment upon the nothingneſs of good works, which was preached in the Tabernacle; and you will alſo recieve a horn-buck for Saul, whereby ſhe may learn her letters; for I'm much conſarned about the ſtate of her poor ſole—and what are all the purſuits of this life to the conſarns of that immortal part?—What is life but a veil of affliction? O Mary! the whole family have been in ſuch a conſtipation!—Mr. Clinker has been in trouble, but the gates of hell have not been able to prevail again him.——His virtue is like poor gould, ſeven times tried in the fire. He was tuck up for a rubbery, and had before guſtaſs Buſshard, who made his mittamouſe;

tamouſe; and the pore youth was ſent to priſon upon the falſe oaf of a willian, that wanted to ſware his life away for the looker of cain.

The 'ſquire did all in his power, but could not prevent his being put in chains, and confined among common manufactors, where he ſtud like an innocent ſheep in the midſt of wolves and tygers.—Lord knows, what mought have happened to this pyehouſe young man, if maſter had not applied to Apias Korkus, who lives with the ould bailiff, and is, they ſay, five hundred years ould, (God bleſs us!) and a congeror: but, if he be, ſure I am he don't deal with the devil, otherwiſe he wouldn't have fought out Mr. Clinker, as he did, in ſpite of ſtone walls, iron bolts, and double locks, that flew open at his command; for Ould Scratch has not a greater enemy upon hearth than Mr. Clinker, who is, indeed, a very powerfull labourer in the Lord's vineyard. I do no more than yuſe the words of my good lady, who has got the infectual calling; and, I truſt, that even myſelf, though unworthy, ſhall find greaſe to be excepted.——Miſs Liddy has been touch'd to the quick, but is a little timorſome: howſomever, I make no doubt,

but ſhe, and all of us, will be brought, by the endeavours of Mr. Clinker, to produce bleſſed fruit of generation and repentance.——As for maſter and the young 'ſquire, they have as yet had narro glimpſe of the new light.——I doubt as how their harts are hardened by worldly wiſdom, which, as the pyebill ſaith, is fooliſhneſs in the ſight of God.

O Mary Jones, pray without ſeizing for greaſe to prepare you for the operations of this wonderful inſtrument, which, I hope, will be exorciſed this winter upon you and others at Brambleton-hall. ——To-morrow, we are to ſet out in a cox and four for Yorkſhire; and, I believe, we ſhall travel that way far, and far, and farther than I can tell; but I ſhan't go ſo far as to forget my friends; and Mary Jones will always be remembred as one of them by her

humble ſarvant,

London, June 14. WIN. JENKINS.

To

To Mrs. GWYLLIM, houſe-keeper at Brambleton-hall.

MRS. GWILLIM,

I CAN'T help thinking it very ſtrange, that I never had an anſwer to the letter I wrote you ſome weeks ago from Bath, concerning the ſour bear, the gander, and the maids eating butter, which I won't allow to be waſted.—— We are now going upon a long gurney to the north, whereby I deſire you will redouble your care and circumflexion, that the family may be well manged in our abſence; for, you know, you muſt render accunt, not only to your earthly maſter, but alſo to him that is above; and if you are found a good and faithfull ſarvant, great will be your reward in haven. I hope there will be twenty ſtun of cheeſe ready for market by the time I get huom, and as much owl ſpun, as will make half a dozen pair of blankets; and that the ſavings of the butter-milk will fetch me a good penny before

before Martinmaſs, as the two pigs are to be fed for baking with bitchmaſt and acrons.

I wrote to doctor Lews for the ſame porpuſs, but he never had the good manners to take the leaſt notice of my letter; for which reaſon, I ſhall never favour him with another, though he beſhits me on his bended knees. You will do well to keep a watchfull eye over the hind Villiams, who is one of his amiſſories, and, I believe, no better than he ſhould be at bottom. God forbid that I ſhould lack chriſtian charity; but charity begins at huom, and ſure nothing can be a more charitable work than to rid the family of ſuch vermine. I do ſuppoſe, that the brindled cow has been had to the parſon's bull, that old Moll has had another litter of pigs, and that Dick is become a mighty mouſer. Pray order every thing for the beſt, and be frugal, and keep the maids to their labour.—If I had a private opportunity, I would ſend them ſome hymns to ſing inſtead of profane ballads; but, as I can't, they and you muſt be contented with the prayers of

Your aſſured friend,

London, June 14. T. BRAMBLE.

To

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bar[t]. of Jeſus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

THE very day after I wrote my laſt, Clinker was ſet at liberty—As Martin had foretold, the accuſer was himſelf committed for a robbery, upon unqueſtionable evidence. He had been for ſome time in the ſnares of the thief-taking ſociety; who, reſenting his preſumption in attempting to incroach upon their monopoly of impeachment, had him taken up and committed to Newgate, on the depoſition of an accomplice, who has been admitted as evidence for the king. The poſtilion being upon record as an old offender, the chief juſtice made no ſcruple of admitting Clinker to bail, when he peruſed the affidavit of Mr. Mead, importing that the ſaid Clinker was not the perſon that robbed him on Blackheath; and honeſt Humphry was diſcharged—When he came home, he expreſſed

preſſed great eagerneſs to pay his reſpects to his maſter, and here his elocution failed him, but his ſilence was pathetic; he fell down at his feet, and embraced his knees, ſheding a flood of tears, which my uncle did not ſee without emotion—He took ſnuff in ſome confuſion; and, putting his hand in his pocket, gave him his bleſſing in ſomething more ſubſtantial than words—"Clinker, (ſaid he) I am "ſo well convinced, both of your ho-"neſty and courage, that I am reſolved "to make you my life-guard-man on the "highway."

He was accordingly provided with a caſe of piſtols, and a carbine to be ſlung a-croſs his ſhoulders; and every other preparation being made, we ſet out laſt Thurſday, at ſeven in the morning; my uncle, with the three women in the coach; Humphry, well mounted on a black gelding bought for his uſe; myſelf a-horſeback, attended by my new valet, Mr. Dutton, an exceeding coxcomb, freſh from his travels, whom I have taken upon trial—The fellow wears a ſolitaire, uſes paint, and takes rappee with all the grimace of a French marquis. At preſent, however, he is in a riding-dreſs, jack-boots, leather breeches, a

ſcarlet

ſcarlet waiſtcoat, with gold binding, a laced hat, a hanger, a French poſting-whip in his hand, and his hair *en queue*.

Before we had gone nine miles, my horſe loſt one of his ſhoes; ſo that I was obliged to ſtop at Barnet to have another, while the coach proceeded at an eaſy pace over the common. About a mile ſhort of Hatfield, the poſtilions, ſtopping the carriage, gave notice to Clinker that there were two ſuſpicious fellows a-horſe-back, at the end of a lane, who ſeemed waiting to attack the coach. Humphry forthwith appriſed my uncle, declaring he would ſtand by him to the laſt drop of his blood; and, unſlinging his carbine, prepared for action. The 'ſquire had piſtols in the pockets of the coach, and reſolved to make uſe of them directly; but he was effectually prevented by his female companions, who flung themſelves about his neck, and ſcreamed in concert —At that inſtant, who ſhould come up at a hand-gallop, but Martin, the high-way-man, who, advancing to the coach, begged the ladies would compoſe themſelves for a moment; then, deſiring Clinker to follow him to the charge, he pulled a piſtol out of his boſom, and

they

they rode up together to give battle to the rogues, who, having fired at a great diſtance, fled a-croſs the common. They were in purſuit of the fugitives when I came up, not a little alarmed at the ſhreiks in the coach, where I found my uncle in a violent rage, without his peri-wig, ſtruggling to diſentangle himſelf from Tabby and the other two, and ſwearing with great vociferation. Before I had time to interpoſe, Martin and Clinker returned from the purſuit, and the former payed his compliments with great politeneſs, giving us to underſtand, that the fellows had ſcampered off, and that he believed they were a couple of raw 'prentices from London. He commended Clinker for his courage, and ſaid, if we would give him leave, he would have the honour to accompany us as far as Stevenage, where he had ſome buſineſs.

The 'ſquire, having recollected and adjuſted himſelf, was the firſt to laugh at his own ſituation; but it was not without difficulty, that Tabby's arms could be untwiſted from his neck, Liddy's teeth chattered, and Jenkins was threatened with a fit as uſual. I had communicated to my uncle the character of Martin, as

it was deſcribed by the conſtable, and he was much ſtruck with its ſingularity—He could not ſuppoſe the fellow had any deſign on our company, which was ſo numerous and well armed; he therefore thanked him, for the ſervice he had juſt done them, ſaid he would be glad of his company, and aſked him to dine with us at Hatfield. This invitation might not have been agreeable to the ladies, had they known the real profeſſion of our gueſt, but this was a ſecret to all, except my uncle and myſelf—Mrs. Tabitha, however, would by no means conſent to proceed with a caſe of loaded piſtols in the coach, and they were forthwith diſcharged in complaiſance to her and the reſt of the women.

Being gratified in this particular, ſhe became remarkably good-humoured, and at dinner behaved in the moſt affable manner to Mr. Martin, with whoſe polite addreſs and agreeable converſation ſhe ſeemed to be much taken. After dinner, the landlord accoſting me in the yard, aſked, with a ſignificant look, if the gentleman that rode the ſorrel belonged to our company?—I underſtood his meaning, but anſwered, *no*; that he had come up with us on the common, and helped

helped us to drive away two fellows, that looked like highwaymen—He nodded three times diſtinctly, as much as to ſay, he knows his cue. Then he inquired, if one of thoſe men was mounted on a bay mare, and the other on a cheſnut gelding with a white ſtreak down his forehead? and being anſwered in the affirmative, he aſſured me they had robbed three poſt-chaiſes this very morning—I inquired, in my turn, if Mr. Martin was of his acquaintance; and, nodding thrice again, he anſwered, that *he had ſeen the gentleman.*

Before we left Hatfield, my uncle, fixing his eyes on Martin with ſuch expreſſion as is more eaſily conceived than deſcribed, aſked, if he often travelled that road? and he replied with a look which denoted his underſtanding the queſtion, that he very ſeldom did buſineſs in that part of the country. In a word, this adventurer favoured us with his company to the neighbourhood of Stevenage, where he took his leave of the coach and me, in very polite terms, and turned off upon a croſs-road, that led to a village on the left—At ſupper, Mrs. Tabby was very full in the praiſe of Mr. Martin's good-ſenſe and good-breeding, and ſeemed to

regret

regret that ſhe had not a further opportunity to make ſome experiment upon his affection. In the morning, my uncle was not a little ſurpriſed to receive, from the waiter, a billet couched in theſe words—

" Sir,

" I could eaſily perceive from your " looks, when I had the honour to con- " verſe with you at Hatfield, that my " character is not unknown to you; and, " I dare ſay, you won't think it ſtrange, " that I ſhould be glad to change my " preſent way of life, for any other ho- " neſt occupation, let it be ever ſo hum- " ble, that will afford me bread in mo- " deration, and ſleep in ſafety—Perhaps " you may think I flatter, when I ſay, " that from the moment I was witneſs to " your generous concern in the cauſe of " your ſervant, I conceived a particular " eſteem and veneration for your per- " ſon; and yet what I ſay is true. I " ſhould think myſelf happy, if I could " be admitted into your protection and " ſervice, as houſe-ſteward, clerk, but- " ler, or bailiff, for either of which " places I think myſelf tolerably well

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" qualified; and, ſure I am, I ſhould not " be found deficient in gratitude and " fidelity—At the ſame time, I am very " ſenſible how much you muſt deviate " from the common maxims of diſcre- " tion, even in putting my profeſſions to " the trial; but I don't look upon you " as a perſon that thinks in the ordinary " ſtile; and the delicacy of my ſituation, " will, I know, juſtify this addreſs to a " heart warmed with beneficence and " compaſſion—Underſtanding you are " going pretty far north, I ſhall take an " opportunity to throw myſelf in your " way again, before you reach the bor- " ders of Scotland; and, I hope, by that " time, you will have taken into conſi- " deration, the truly diſtreſsful caſe of,

" honoured ſir,

" your very humble,

" and devoted ſervant,

" EDWARD MARTIN."

The 'ſquire, having peruſed this letter, put it into my hand, without ſaying a ſyllable; and when I had read it, we looked at each other in ſilence. From a certain ſparkling in his eyes, I diſcover-

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ed there was more in his heart, than he cared to expreſs with his tongue, in favour of poor Martin; and this was preciſely my own feeling, which he did not fail to diſcern, by the ſame means of communication—"What ſhall we do (ſaid he) to "ſave this poor ſinner from the gallows, "and make him a uſeful member of the "commonwealth? and yet the proverb "ſays, Save a thief from the gallows, "and he'll cut your throat." I told him, I really believed Martin was capable of giving the proverb the lie; and that I ſhould heartily concur in any ſtep he might take in favour of his ſollicitation. We mutually reſolved to deliberate upon the ſubject, and, in the mean time, proceeded on our journey. The roads, having been broke up by the heavy rains in the ſpring, were ſo rough, that although we travelled very ſlowly, the jolting occaſioned ſuch pain to my uncle, that he was become exceedingly peeviſh when we arrived at this place, which lies about eight miles from the poſt-road, between Wetherby and Boroughbridge.

Harrigate-water, ſo celebrated for its efficacy in the ſcurvy and other diſtempers, is ſupplied from a copious ſpring, in the hollow of a wild common, round

which, a good many houſes have been built for the convenience of the drinkers, though few of them are inhabited. Moſt of the company lodge at ſome diſtance, in five ſeparate inns, ſituated in different parts of the common, from whence they go every morning to the well, in their own carriages. The lodgers of each inn form a diſtinct ſociety, that eat together; and there is a commodious public room, where they breakfaſt in diſhabille, at ſeparate tables, from eight o'clock till eleven, as they chance or chuſe to come in —Here alſo they drink tea in the afternoon, and play at cards or dance in the evening. One cuſtom, however, prevails, which I look upon as a ſoleciſm in politeneſs—The ladies treat with tea in their turns; and even girls of ſixteen are not exempted from this ſhameful impoſition——There is a public ball by ſubſcription every night at one of the houſes, to which all the company from the others are admitted by tickets; and, indeed, Harrigate treads upon the heels of Bath, in the articles of gaiety and diſſipation—with this difference, however, that here we are more ſociable and familiar. One of the inns is already full up to the very garrets, having no leſs than fifty lodgers,

and as many ſervants. Our family does not exceed thirty-ſix; and I ſhould be ſorry to ſee the number augmented, as our accommodations won't admit of much increaſe.

At preſent, the company is more agreeable than one could expect from an accidental aſſemblage of perſons, who are utter ſtrangers to one another—There ſeems to be a general diſpoſition among us to maintain good-fellowſhip, and promote the purpoſes of humanity, in favour of thoſe who come hither on the ſcore of health. I ſee ſeveral faces which we left at Bath, although the majority are of the Northern counties, and many come from Scotland for the benefit of theſe waters—In ſuch a variety, there muſt be ſome originals, among whom Mrs. Tabitha Bramble is not the moſt inconſiderable—No place where there is ſuch an intercourſe between the ſexes, can be diſagreeable to a lady of her views and temperament—She has had ſome warm diſputes at table, with a lame parſon from Northumberland, on the new birth, and the inſignificance of moral virtue; and her arguments have been reinforced by an old Scotch lawyer, in a tye periwig, who, though he has loſt his teeth, and the

uſe of his limbs, can ſtill wag his tongue with great volubility. He has paid her ſuch fulſome compliments, upon her piety and learning, as ſeem to have won her heart; and ſhe, in her turn, treats him with ſuch attention as indicates a deſign upon his perſon; but, by all accounts, he is too much a fox to be inveigled into any ſnare that ſhe can lay for his affection.

We do not propoſe to ſtay long at Harrigate, though, at preſent, it is our headquarters, from whence we ſhall make ſome excurſions, to viſit two or three of our rich relations, who are ſettled in this county.——Pray, remember me to all our friends of Jeſus, and allow me to be ſtill

yours affectionately,

Harrigate, June 23. J. MELFORD.

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

CONSIDERING the tax we pay for turnpikes, the roads of this country conſtitute a moſt intolerable grievance. Between Newark and Weatherby, I have ſuffered more from jolting and ſwinging than ever I felt in the whole courſe of my life, although the carriage is remarkably commodious and well hung, and the poſtilions were very careful in driving. I am now ſafely houſed at the New Inn, at Harrigate, whither I came to ſatisfy my curioſity, rather than with any view of advantage to my health; and, truly, after having conſidered all the parts and particulars of the place, I cannot account for the concourſe of people one finds here, upon any other principle but that of caprice, which ſeems to be the character of our nation.

Harrigate is a wild common, bare and bleak, without tree or ſhrub, or the

leaſt ſigns of cultivation; and the people who come to drink the water, are crowded together in paltry inns, where the few tolerable rooms are monopolized by the friends and favourites of the houſe, and all the reſt of the lodgers are obliged to put up with dirty holes, where there is neither ſpace, air, nor convenience. My apartment is about ten feet ſquare; and when the folding bed is down, there is juſt room ſufficient to paſs between it and the fire. One might expect, indeed, that there would be no occaſion for a fire at Midſummer; but here the climate is ſo backward, that an aſh tree, which our landlord has planted before my window, is juſt beginning to put forth its leaves; and I am fain to have my bed warmed every night.

As for the water, which is ſaid to have effected ſo many ſurpriſing cures, I have drank it once, and the firſt draught has cured me of all deſire to repeat the medicine.—Some people ſay it ſmells of rotten eggs, and others compare it to the ſcourings of a foul gun.—It is generally ſuppoſed to be ſtrongly impregnated with ſulphur; and Dr. Shaw, in his book upon mineral waters, ſays, he has ſeen flakes of ſulphur floating in the well.—

Pace

Pace tanti viri; I, for my part, have never obſerved any thing like ſulphur, either in or about the well, neither do I find that any brimſtone has ever been extracted from the water. As for the ſmell, if I may be allowed to judge from my own organs, it is exactly that of bilge-water; and the ſaline taſte of it ſeems to declare that it is nothing elſe than ſalt water putrified in the bowels of the earth. I was obliged to hold my noſe with one hand, while I advanced the glaſs to my mouth with the other; and after I had made ſhift to ſwallow it, my ſtomach could hardly retain what it had received.—The only effects it produced were ſickneſs, griping, and inſurmountable diſguſt.—I can hardly mention it without puking.—The world is ſtrangely miſled by the affectation of ſingularity. I cannot help ſuſpecting, that this water owes its reputation in a great meaſure to its being ſo ſtrikingly offenſive.—On the ſame kind of analogy, a German doctor has introduced hemlock and other poiſons, as ſpecifics, into the *materia medica*.—I am perſuaded, that all the cures aſcribed to the Harrigate water, would have been as efficaciouſly, and infinitely more agreeably performed, by the internal and ex-

ternal uſe of ſea-water. Sure I am, this laſt is much leſs nauſeous to the taſte and ſmell, and much more gentle in its operation as a purge, as well as more extenſive in its medical qualities.

Two days ago, we went acroſs the country to viſit 'ſquire Burdock, who married a firſt couſin of my father, an heireſs, who brought him an eſtate of a thouſand a year. This gentleman is a declared opponent of the miniſtry in parliament; and having an opulent fortune, piques himſelf upon living in the country, and maintaining *old Engliſh hoſpitality*.—By the bye, this is a phraſe very much uſed by the Engliſh themſelves, both in words and writing; but I never heard of it out of the iſland, except by way of irony and ſarcaſm. What the hoſpitality of our fore-fathers has been I ſhould be glad to ſee recorded, rather in the memoirs of ſtrangers who have viſited our country, and were the proper objects and judges of ſuch hoſpitality, than in the diſcourſe and lucubrations of the modern Engliſh, who ſeem to deſcribe it from theory and conjecture. Certain it is, we are generally looked upon by foreigners, as a people totally deſtitute of this virtue; and I never was in any country abroad,

abroad, where I did not meet with perſons of diſtinction, who complained of having been inhoſpitably uſed in Great Britain. A gentleman of France, Italy, or Germany, who has entertained and lodged an Engliſhman at his houſe, when he afterwards meets with his gueſt at London, is aſked to dinner at the Saracen's-head, the Turk's-head, the Boar's-head, or the Bear, eats raw beef and butter, drinks execrable port, and is allowed to pay his ſhare of the reckoning.

But to return from this digreſſion, which my feeling for the honour of my country obliged me to make——our Yorkſhire couſin has been a mighty fox-hunter *before the Lord*; but now he is too fat and unwieldy to leap ditches and five-bar gates; nevertheleſs, he ſtill keeps a pack of hounds, which are well exerciſed; and his huntſman every night entertains him with the adventures of the day's chace, which he recites in a tone and terms that are extremely curious and ſignificant. In the mean time, his broad brawn is ſcratched by one of his grooms. ——This fellow, it ſeems, having no inclination to curry any beaſt out of the ſtable, was at great pains to ſcollop his nails

in ſuch a manner that the blood followed at every ſtroke.—He was in hopes that he would be diſmiſſed from this diſagreeable office, but the event turned out contrary to his expectation.—His maſter declared he was the beſt ſcratcher in the family; and now he will not ſuffer any other ſervant to draw a nail upon his carcaſe.

The 'ſquire's lady is very proud, without being ſtiff or inacceſſible.——She receives even her inferiors in point of fortune with a kind of arrogant civility; but then ſhe thinks ſhe has a right to treat them with the moſt ungracious freedoms of ſpeech, and never fails to let them know ſhe is ſenſible of her own ſuperior affluence.—In a word, ſhe ſpeaks well of no living ſoul, and has not one ſingle friend in the world. Her huſband hates her mortally; but, although the brute is ſometimes ſo very powerful in him that he will have his own way, he generally truckles to her dominion, and dreads, like a ſchool-boy, the laſh of her tongue. On the other hand, ſhe is afraid of provoking him too far, leſt he ſhould make ſome deſperate effort to ſhake off her yoke.—She, therefore, acquieſces in the proofs he daily gives of his attachment to the liberty of

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an Engliſh freeholder, by ſaying and doing, at his own table, whatever gratifies the brutality of his diſpoſition, or contributes to the eaſe of his perſon. The houſe, though large, is neither elegant nor comfortable.—It looks like a great inn, crowded with travellers, who dine at the landlord's ordinary, where there is a great profuſion of victuals and drink, but mine hoſt ſeems to be miſplaced; and I would rather dine upon filberts with a hermit, than feed upon veniſon with a hog. The footmen might be aptly compared to the waiters of a tavern, if they were more ſerviceable and leſs rapacious; but they are generally inſolent and inattentive, and ſo greedy, that, I think, I can dine better, and for leſs expence, at the Star and Garter in Pall mall, than at our couſin's caſtle in Yorkſhire. The 'ſquire is not only accommodated with a wife, but he is alſo bleſſed with an only ſon, about two and twenty, juſt returned from Italy, a complete fidler and *dilettante*; and he ſlips no opportunity of manifeſting the moſt perfect contempt for his own father.

When we arrived, there was a family of foreigners at the houſe, on a viſit to this virtuoſo, with whom they had been

acquainted at the Spa: it was the count de Melville, with his lady, on their way to Scotland. Mr. Burdock had met with an accident, in conſequence of which both the count and I would have retired, but the young gentleman and his mother inſiſted upon our ſtaying dinner; and their ſerenity ſeemed to be ſo little ruffled by what had happened, that we complied with their invitation. The 'ſquire had been brought home over night in his poſt-chaiſe, ſo terribly belaboured about the pate, that he ſeemed to be in a ſtate of ſtupefaction, and had ever ſince remained ſpeechleſs. A country apothecary, called Grieve, who lived in a neighbouring village, having been called to his aſſiſtance, had let him blood, and applied a poultice to his head, declaring, that he had no fever, nor any other bad ſymptom but the loſs of ſpeech, if he really had loſt that faculty. But the young 'ſquire ſaid this practitioner was an *ignorantaccio*, that there was a fracture in the *cranium*, and that there was a neceſſity for having him trepanned without loſs of time. His mother, eſpouſing this opinion, had ſent an expreſs to York for a ſurgeon to perform the operation, and he was already come with his 'prentice and inſtruments. Having examined the

patient's head, he began to prepare his dreſſings; though Grieve ſtill retained his firſt opinion that there was no fracture, and was the more confirmed in it as the 'ſquire had paſſed the night in profound ſleep, uninterrupted by any catching or convulſion. The York ſurgeon ſaid he could not tell whether there was a fracture, until he ſhould take off the ſcalp; but, at any rate, the operation might be of ſervice in giving vent to any blood that might be extravaſated, either above or below the *dura mater*. The lady and her ſon were clear for trying the experiment; and Grieve was diſmiſſed with ſome marks of contempt, which, perhaps, he owed to the plainneſs of his appearance. He ſeemed to be about the middle age, wore his own black hair without any ſort of dreſſing; by his garb, one would have taken him for a quaker, but he had none of the ſtiffneſs of that ſect, on the contrary, he was very ſubmiſſive, reſpectful, and remarkably taciturn.

Leaving the ladies in an apartment by themſelves, we adjourned to the patient's chamber, where the dreſſings and inſtruments were diſplayed in order upon a pewter diſh. The operator, laying aſide his coat and periwig, equipped himſelf

with a night-cap, apron, and ſleeves, while his 'prentice and footman, ſeizing the 'ſquire's head, began to place it in a proper poſture.——But mark what followed.—The patient, bolting upright in the bed, collared each of theſe aſſiſtants with the graſp of Hercules, exclaiming, in a bellowing tone, "I ha'n't lived ſo "long in Yorkſhire to be trepanned by "ſuch vermin as you;" and leaping on the floor, put on his breeches quietly, to the aſtoniſhment of us all. The ſurgeon ſtill inſiſted upon the operation, alledging it was now plain that the brain was injured, and deſiring the ſervants to put him into bed again; but no body would venture to execute his orders, or even to interpoſe: when the 'ſquire turned him and his aſſiſtants out of doors, and threw his apparatus out at the window. Having thus aſſerted his prerogative, and put on his cloaths with the help of a valet, the count, with my nephew and me, were introduced by his ſon, and received with his uſual ſtile of ruſtic civility; then turning to ſignor Macaroni, with a ſarcaſtic grin, "I tell thee what, Dick, (ſaid "he) a man's ſcull is not to be bored "every time his head is broken; and I'll "convince thee and thy mother, that I

"know

"know as many tricks as e'er an old fox "in the Weſt Riding."

We afterwards underſtood he had quarrelled at a public houſe with an exciſeman, whom he challenged to a bout at ſingle ſtick, in which he had been worſted; and that the ſhame of this defeat had tied up his tongue. As for madam, ſhe had ſhewn no concern for his diſaſter, and now heard of his recovery without emotion.—She had taken ſome little notice of my ſiſter and niece, though rather with a view to indulge her own petulance, than out of any ſentiment of regard to our family.—She ſaid Liddy was a fright, and ordered her woman to adjuſt her head before dinner; but ſhe would not meddle with Tabby, whoſe ſpirit, ſhe ſoon perceived, was not to be irritated with impunity. At table, ſhe acknowledged me ſo far as to ſay ſhe had heard of my father; though ſhe hinted, that he had diſobliged her family by making a poor match in Wales. She was diſagreeably familiar in her enquiries about our circumſtances; and aſked, if I intended to bring up my nephew to the law. I told her, that, as he had an independent fortune, he ſhould follow no profeſſion but that of a country gentle-

man; and that I was not without hopes of procuring for him a ſeat in parliament. ——"Pray, couſin, (ſaid ſhe) what may "his fortune be?" When I anſwered, that, with what I ſhould be able to give him, he would have better than two thouſand a year, ſhe replied, with a diſdainful toſs of her head, that it would be impoſſible for him to preſerve his independence on ſuch a paltry proviſion.

Not a little nettled at this arrogant remark, I told her, I had the honour to ſit in parliament with her father, when he had little more than half that income; and I believed there was not a more independent and incorruptible member in the houſe. "Ay; but times are changed, "(cried the 'ſquire)—Country gentlemen "now-a days live after another faſhion. "—My table alone ſtands me in a cool "thouſand a quarter, though I raiſe my "own ſtock, import my own liquors, "and have every thing at the firſt hand. "—True it is, I keep open houſe, and "receive all comers, for the honour of "Old England." "If that be the caſe, "(ſaid I) 'tis a wonder you can maintain "it at ſo ſmall an expence; but every "private gentleman is not expected to "keep a *caravanſera* for the accommoda-

"tion

"tion of travellers: indeed, if every in-
"dividual lived in the ſame ſtile, you
"would not have ſuch a number of
"gueſts at your table, of conſequence
"your hoſpitality would not ſhine ſo
"bright for the glory of the Weſt Rid-
"ing." The young 'ſquire, tickled by this ironical obſervation, exclaimed, "O "*che burla!*"—his mother eyed me in ſilence with a ſupercilious air; and the father of the feaſt, taking a bumper of October, "My ſervice to you, couſin "Bramble, (ſaid he) I have always heard "there was ſomething keen and biting in "the air of the Welch mountains."

I was much pleaſed with the count de Melville, who is ſenſible, eaſy, and polite; and the counteſs is the moſt amiable woman I ever beheld. In the afternoon they took leave of their entertainers, and the young gentleman, mounting his horſe, undertook to conduct their coach through the park, while one of their ſervants rode round to give notice to the reſt, whom they had left at a public houſe on the road. The moment their backs were turned, the cenſorious dæmon took poſſeſſion of our Yorkſhire landlady and our ſiſter Tabitha.—The former obſerved, that the counteſs was a good ſort of a body,

body, but totally ignorant of good breeding, conſequently aukward in her addreſs. The 'ſquire ſaid he did not pretend to the breeding of any thing but colts; but that the jade would be very handſome, if ſhe was a little more in fleſh. "Handſome! (cried Tabby) ſhe has indeed a "pair of black eyes without any meaning; but then there is not a good feature in her face." "I know not what "you call good features in Wales; (replied our landlord) but they'll paſs in "Yorkſhire." Then turning to Liddy, he added, "What ſay you, my pretty "Redſtreak?—what is your opinion of "the counteſs?" "I think, (cried Liddy, with great emotion) ſhe's an angel." Tabby chid her for talking with ſuch freedom in company; and the lady of the houſe ſaid, in a contemptuous tone, ſhe ſuppoſed miſs had been brought up at ſome country boarding-ſchool.

Our converſation was ſuddenly interrupted by the young gentleman, who galloped into the yard all aghaſt, exclaiming, that the coach was attacked by a great number of highwaymen. My nephew and I ruſhing out, found his own and his ſervant's horſe ready ſaddled in the ſtable, with piſtols in the caps.—We mounted

mounted inſtantly, ordering Clinker and Dutton to follow with all poſſible expedition; but notwithſtanding all the ſpeed we could make, the action was over before we arrived, and the count with his lady, ſafe lodged at the houſe of Grieve, who had ſignalized himſelf in a very remarkable manner on this occaſion. At the turning of a lane, that led to the village where the count's ſervants remained, a couple of robbers a-horſeback ſuddenly appeared, with their piſtols advanced: one kept the coachman in awe, and the other demanded the count's money, while the young 'ſquire went off at full ſpeed, without ever caſting a look behind. The count deſiring the thief to withdraw his piſtol, as the lady was in great terror, delivered his purſe without making the leaſt reſiſtance; but not ſatisfied with this booty, which was pretty conſiderable, the raſcal inſiſted upon rifling her of her ear-rings and necklace, and the counteſs ſcreamed with affright. Her huſband, exaſperated at the violence with which ſhe was threatened, wreſted the piſtol out of the fellow's hand, and turning it upon him, ſnapped it in his face; but the robber knowing there was no charge in it, drew another from his boſom, and in all pro-

probability would have killed him on the ſpot, had not his life been ſaved by a wonderful interpoſition. Grieve, the apothecary, chancing to paſs that very inſtant, ran up to the coach, and with a crab-ſtick, which was all the weapon he had, brought the fellow to the ground with the firſt blow; then ſeizing his piſtol, preſented it to his colleague, who fired his piece at random, and fled without further oppoſition. The other was ſecured by the aſſiſtance of the count and the coachman; and his legs being tied under the belly of his own horſe, Grieve conducted him to the village, whither alſo the carriage proceeded. It was with great difficulty the counteſs could be kept from ſwooning; but at laſt ſhe was happily conveyed to the houſe of the apothecary, who went into the ſhop to prepare ſome drops for her, while his wife and daughter adminiſtered to her in another apartment.

I found the count ſtanding in the kitchen with the parſon of the pariſh, and expreſſing much impatience to ſee his protector, whom as yet he had ſcarce found time to thank for the eſſential ſervice he had done him and the counteſs.—The daughter paſſing at the ſame time with a glaſs of water, monſieur de Melville could not help

help taking notice of her figure, which was ſtrikingly engaging.—"Ay, (ſaid the "parſon) ſhe is the prettieſt girl, and "the beſt girl in all my pariſh; and if "I could give my ſon an eſtate of ten "thouſand a year, he ſhould have my "conſent to lay it at her feet. If Mr. "Grieve had been as ſollicitous about "getting money, as he has been in per-"forming all the duties of a primitive "Chriſtian, Fy would not have hung ſo "long upon his hands." "What is her "name?" ſaid I. "Sixteen years ago "(anſwered the vicar) I chriſtened her by "the names of Seraphina Melvilia." "Ha! what! how! (cried the count "eagerly) ſure, you ſaid Seraphina Mel-"vilia." "I did; (ſaid he) Mr. Grieve "told me thoſe were the names of two "noble perſons abroad, to whom he had "been obliged for more than life."

The count, without ſpeaking another ſyllable, ruſhed into the parlour, crying, "This is your god-daughter, my dear." Mrs. Grieve, then ſeizing the counteſs by the hand, exclaimed with great agitation, "O madam!—O ſir!—I am—I am your "poor Elinor.——This is my Seraphina "Melvilia.——O child! theſe are the "count and counteſs of Melville, the gene-

" generous—the glorious benefactors of
" thy once unhappy parents."

The counteſs riſing from her ſeat, threw her arms about the neck of the amiable Seraphina, and claſped her to her breaſt with great tenderneſs, while ſhe herſelf was embraced by the weeping mother. This moving ſcene was completed by the entrance of Grieve himſelf, who falling on his knees before the count, " Behold (ſaid he) a penitent, who at " length can look upon his patron with-
" out ſhrinking." " Ah, Ferdinand!
" (cried he, raiſing and folding him in
" his arms) the play-fellow of my infan-
" cy—the companion of my youth!—
" Is it to you then I am indebted for my
" life?" " Heaven has heard my pray-
" er, (ſaid the other) and given me an
" opportunity to prove myſelf not alto-
" gether unworthy of your clemency and
" protection." He then kiſſed the hand of the counteſs, while monſieur de Melville ſaluted his wife and lovely daughter, and all of us were greatly affected by this pathetic recognition.

In a word, Grieve was no other than Ferdinand count Fathom, whoſe adventures were printed many years ago. Being a ſincere convert to virtue, he had changed

changed his name, that he might elude the enquiries of the count, whose generous allowance he determined to forego, that he might have no dependence but upon his own industry and moderation. He had accordingly settled in this village as a practitioner in surgery and physic, and for some years wrestled with all the miseries of indigence, which, however, he and his wife had borne with the most exemplary resignation. At length, by dint of unwearied attention to the duties of his profession, which he exercised with equal humanity and success, he had acquired a tolerable share of business among the farmers and common people, which enabled him to live in a decent manner. He had been scarce ever seen to smile; was unaffectedly pious; and all the time he could spare from the avocations of his employment he spent in educating his daughter, and in studying for his own improvement.—In short, the adventurer Fathom was, under the name of Grieve, universally respected among the commonalty of this district, as a prodigy of learning and virtue. These particulars I learned from the vicar, when we quitted the room, that they might be under no restraint in their mutual effusions. I make

no

no doubt that Grieve will be preſſed to leave off buſineſs, and re-unite himſelf to the count's family; and as the counteſs ſeemed extremely fond of his daughter, ſhe will, in all probability, inſiſt upon Seraphina's accompanying her to Scotland.

Having paid our compliments to theſe noble perſons, we returned to the 'ſquire's, where we expected an invitation to paſs the night, which was wet and raw; but, it ſeems, 'ſquire Burdock's hoſpitality reached not ſo far for the honour of Yorkſhire: we therefore departed in the evening, and lay at an inn, where I caught cold.

In hope of riding it down before it could take faſt hold on my conſtitution, I reſolved to viſit another relation, one Mr. Pimpernel, who lived about a dozen miles from the place where we lodged. Pimpernel being the youngeſt of four ſons, was bred an attorney at Furnival's-inn; but all his elder brothers dying, he got himſelf called to the bar for the honour of his family, and ſoon after this preferment, ſucceeded to his father's eſtate, which was very conſiderable. He carried home with him all the knaviſh chicanery of the loweſt pettifogger, together with a wife whom he had purchaſed of a drayman for twenty pounds; and he ſoon found

found means to obtain a *Dedimus* as an acting juſtice of peace. He is not only a ſordid miſer in his diſpoſition, but his avarice is mingled with a ſpirit of deſpotiſm, which is truly diabolical.—He is a brutal huſband, an unnatural parent, a harſh maſter, an oppreſſive landlord, a litigious neighbour, and a partial magiſtrate.——Friends he has none; and in point of hoſpitality and good breeding, our couſin Burdock is a prince in compariſon of this ungracious miſcreant, whoſe houſe is the lively repreſentation of a gaol. Our reception was ſuitable to the character I have ſketched. Had it depended upon the wife, we ſhould have been kindly treated.—She is really a good ſort of a woman, in ſpite of her low original, and well reſpected in the county; but ſhe has not intereſt enough in her own houſe to command a draught of table-beer, far leſs to beſtow any kind of education on her children, who run about, like ragged colts, in a ſtate of nature.—Pox on him! he is ſuch a dirty fellow, that I have not patience to proſecute the ſubject.

By that time we reached Harrigate, I began to be viſited by certain rheumatic ſymptoms. The Scotch lawyer, Mr. Mickle-

Micklewhimmen, recommended a hot bath of theſe waters ſo earneſtly, that I was over-perſuaded to try the experiment.—He had uſed it often with ſucceſs, and always ſtayed an hour in the bath, which was a tub filled with Harrigate water, heated for the purpoſe. If I could hardly bear the ſmell of a ſingle tumbler when cold, you may gueſs how my noſe was regaled by the ſteams ariſing from a hot bath of the ſame fluid. At night, I was conducted into a dark hole on the ground floor, where the tub ſmoaked and ſtunk like the pot of Acheron, in one corner, and in another ſtood a dirty bed provided with thick blankets, in which I was to ſweat after coming out of the bath. My heart ſeemed to die within me when I entered this diſmal bagnio, and found my brain aſſaulted by ſuch inſufferable effluvia.—I curſed Micklewhimmen for not conſidering that my organs were formed on this ſide of the Tweed; but being aſhamed to recoil upon the threſhold, I ſubmitted to the proceſs.

After having endured all but real ſuffocation for above a quarter of an hour in the tub, I was moved to the bed and wrapped in blankets.—There I lay a full hour panting with intolerable heat; but not

not the leaſt moiſture appearing on my ſkin, I was carried to my own chamber, and paſſed the night without cloſing an eye, in ſuch a flutter of ſpirits as rendered me the moſt miſerable wretch in being. I ſhould certainly have run diſtracted, if the rarefaction of my blood, occaſioned by that Stygian bath, had not burſt the veſſels, and produced a violent hæmorrhage, which, though dreadful and alarming, removed the horrible diſquiet.—I loſt two pounds of blood, and more, on this occaſion; and find myſelf ſtill weak and languid; but, I believe, a little exerciſe will forward my recovery; and therefore I am reſolved to ſet out to-morrow for York, in my way to Scarborough, where I propoſe to brace up my fibres by ſea-bathing, which, I know, is one of your favourite ſpecifics. There is, however, one diſeaſe, for which you have found as yet no ſpecific, and that is old age, of which this tedious unconnected epiſtle is an infallible ſymptom:—*what*, therefore, *cannot be cured, muſt be endured*, by you, as well as by

Yours,

Harrigate, June 26. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jeſus college, Oxon.

DEAR KNIGHT,

THE manner of living at Harrigate was ſo agreeable to my diſpoſition, that I left the place with ſome regret—Our aunt Tabby would have probably made ſome objection to our departing ſo ſoon, had not an accident embroiled her with Mr. Micklewhimmen, the Scotch advocate, on whoſe heart ſhe had been practiſing, from the ſecond day after our arrival—That original, though ſeemingly precluded from the uſe of his limbs, had turned his genius to good account—In ſhort, by dint of groaning, and whining, he had excited the compaſſion of the company ſo effectually, that an old lady, who occupied the very beſt apartment in the houſe, gave it up for his eaſe and convenience. When his man led him into the Long Room, all the females were immediately in commotion—One ſet an elbow-chair; an-

another ſhook up the cuſhion; a third brought a ſtool; and a fourth a pillow, for the accommodation of his feet—Two ladies (of whom Tabby was always one) ſupported him into the dining-room, and placed him properly at the table; and his taſte was indulged with a ſucceſſion of delicacies, culled by their fair hands. All this attention he repaid with a profuſion of compliments and benedictions, which were not the leſs agreeable for being delivered in the Scottiſh dialect. As for Mrs. Tabitha, his reſpects were particularly addreſſed to her, and he did not fail to mingle them with religious reflections, touching free grace, knowing her biaſs to methodiſm, which he alſo profeſſed upon a calviniſtical model.

For my part, I could not help thinking this lawyer was not ſuch an invalid as he pretended to be. I obſerved he ate very heartily three times a-day; and though his bottle was marked *ſtomachic tincture*, he had recourſe to it ſo often, and ſeemed to ſwallow it with ſuch peculiar reliſh, that I ſuſpected it was not compounded in the apothecary's ſhop, or the chemiſt's laboratory. One day, while he was earneſt in diſcourſe with Mrs. Tabitha, and his ſervant had gone out

on ſome occaſion or other, I dexterouſly exchanged the labels, and ſituation of his bottle and mine; and having taſted his tincture, found it was excellent claret. I forthwith handed it about to ſome of my neighbours, and it was quite emptied before Mr. Micklewhimmen had occaſion to repeat his draught. At length, turning about, he took hold of my bottle, inſtead of his own, and, filling a large glaſs, drank to the health of Mrs. Tabitha—It had ſcarce touched his lips, when he perceived the change which had been put upon him, and was at firſt a little out of countenance——He ſeemed to retire within himſelf, in order to deliberate, and in half a minute his reſolution was taken; addreſſing himſelf to our quarter, "I give the gentleman cradit for his wit "(ſaid he); it was a gude practical joke; "but ſometimes *hi joci in ſeria ducunt ma-* "*la*—I hope for his own ſake he has na "drank all the liccor; for it was a vara "poorful infuſion of jallap in Bourdeaux "wine; at its poſſable he may ha ta'en "ſic a doſe as will produce a terrible "cataſtrophe in his ain booels—"

By far the greater part of the contents had fallen to the ſhare of a young clothier from Leeds, who had come to make a figure

a figure at Harrigate, and was, in effect a great coxcomb in his way. It was with a view to laugh at his fellow-gueſts, as well as to mortify the lawyer, that he had emptied the bottle, when it came to his turn, and he had laughed accordingly: but now his mirth gave way to his apprehenſion—He began to ſpit, to make wry faces, and writhe himſelf into various contorſions—"Damn the ſtuff! (cried "he) I thought it had a villanous twang "—pah! He that would cozen a Scot, "mun get oop betimes, and take Old "Scratch for his counſellor—" "In "troth meſter what d'ye ca'um, (replied "the lawyer) your wit has run you into a "filthy puddle—I'm truly conſarned for "your waeful caſe—The beſt advice I "can give you, in ſic a delemma, is to "ſend an expreſs to Rippon for doctor "Waugh, without delay, and, in the "mean time, ſwallow all the oil and but-"ter you can find in the hooſe, to de-"fend your poor ſtomach and intaſtins "from the villication of the particles of "the jallap, which is vara violent, even "when taken in moderation."

The poor clothier's torments had already begun: he retired, roaring with pain, to his own chamber; the oil was

ſwallowed, and the doctor ſent for; but before he arrived, the miſerable patient had made ſuch diſcharges upwards and downwards, that nothing remained to give him further offence; and this double evacuation, was produced by imagination alone; for what he had drank was genuine wine of Bourdeaux, which the lawyer had brought from Scotland for his own private uſe. The clothier, finding the joke turn out ſo expenſive and diſagreeable, quitted the houſe next morning, leaving the triumph to Micklewhimmen, who enjoyed it internally, without any outward ſigns of exultation —on the contrary, he affected to pity the young man for what he had ſuffered; and acquired freſh credit from this ſhew of moderation.

It was about the middle of the night, which ſucceeded this adventure, that the vent of the kitchen chimney being foul, the ſoot took fire, and the alarm was given in a dreadful manner—Every body leaped naked out of bed, and in a minute the whole houſe was filled with cries and confuſion—There were two ſtairs in the houſe, and to theſe we naturally ran; but they were both ſo blocked up, by the people preſſing one upon another, that it

ſeem-

ſeemed impoſſible to paſs, without throwing down and trampling upon the women. In the midſt of this anarchy, Mr. Micklewhimmen, with a leathern portmanteau on his back, came running as nimble as a buck along the paſſage; and Tabby, in her under-petticoat, endeavouring to hook him under the arm, that ſhe might eſcape through his protection, he very fairly puſhed her down, crying, "Na, "na, gude faith, charity begins at hame!" Without paying the leaſt reſpect to the ſhrieks and intreaties of his female friends, he charged through the midſt of the crowd, overturning every thing that oppoſed him; and actually fought his way to the bottom of the ſtair-caſe—By this time Clinker had found a ladder, by which he entered the window of my uncle's chamber, where our family was aſſembled, and propoſed that we ſhould make our exit ſucceſſively by that conveyance. The 'ſquire exhorted his ſiſter to begin the deſcent; but, before ſhe could reſolve, her woman, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, in a tranſport of terror, threw herſelf out at the window upon the ladder, while Humphry dropped upon the ground, that he might receive her in her deſcent——This maiden

was juſt as ſhe had ſtarted out of bed, the moon ſhone very bright, and a freſh breeze of wind blowing, none of Mrs. Winifred's beauties could poſſibly eſcape the view of the fortunate Clinker, whoſe heart was not able to withſtand the united force of ſo many charms; at leaſt, I am much miſtaken, if he has not been her humble ſlave from that moment—He received her in his arms, and, giving her his coat to protect her from the weather, aſcended again with admirable dexterity.

At that inſtant, the landlord of the houſe called out with an audible voice, that the fire was extinguiſhed, and the ladies had nothing further to fear: this was a welcome note to the audience, and produced an immediate effect; the ſhrieking ceaſed, and a confuſed ſound of expoſtulation enſued. I conducted Mrs. Tabitha and my ſiſter to their own chamber, where Liddy fainted away; but was ſoon brought to herſelf. Then I went to offer my ſervices to the other ladies, who might want aſſiſtance—They were all ſcudding through the paſſage to their ſeveral apartments; and as the thoroughfair was lighted by two lamps, I had a pretty good obſervation of them in their tranſit;

ſit; but as moſt of them were naked to the ſmock, and all their heads ſhrowded in huge night-caps, I could not diſtinguiſh one face from another, though I recognized ſome of their voices—Theſe were generally plaintive; ſome wept, ſome ſcolded, and ſome prayed—I lifted up one poor old gentlewoman, who had been overturned and ſore bruiſed by a multitude of feet; and this was alſo the caſe with the lame parſon from Northumberland, whom Micklewhimmen had in his paſſage overthrown, though not with impunity, for the cripple, in falling, gave him ſuch a good pelt on the head with his crutch, that the blood followed.

As for this lawyer, he waited below till the hurly burly was over, and then ſtole ſoftly to his own chamber, from whence he did not venture to make a ſecond ſally till eleven in the forenoon, when he was led into the Public Room by his own ſervant and another aſſiſtant, groaning moſt woefully, with a bloody napkin round his head. But things were greatly altered—The ſelfiſh brutality of his behaviour on the ſtairs had ſteeled their hearts againſt all his arts and addreſs——Not a ſoul offered to accommodate him with chair, cuſhion, or footſtool; ſo that he was ob-

liged to ſit down on a hard wooden bench—In that poſition, he looked around with a rueful aſpect, and, bowing very low, ſaid in a whining tone, "Your "moſt humble ſervant, ladies—Fire is "a dreadful calamity—" "Fire puri-"fies gold, and it tries friendſhip." cried Mrs. Tabitha, bridling. "Yea, "madam (replied Micklewhimmen); "and it trieth diſcretion alſo—" "If "diſcretion conſiſts in forſaking a friend "in adverſity, you are eminently poſſeſſ-"ed of that virtue." reſumed our aunt—"Na, madam, (rejoined the advocate) "well I wot, I cannot claim any merit "from the mode of my retreat—Ye'll "pleaſe to obſerve ladies, there are twa "independent principles that actuate "our nature—One is inſtinct, which we "have in common with the brute crea-"tion, and the other is reaſon—Noo, in "certain great emergencies, when the "faculty of reaſon is ſuſpended, inſtinct "taks the lead, and when this predo-"minates, having no affinity with rea-"ſon, it pays no ſort of regard to its "connections; it only operates for the "preſervation of the individual, and that "by the moſt expeditious and effectual "means; therefore, begging your par-

"don,

" don, ladies, I'm no accountable in *foro* " *conſcientiæ*, for what I did, while un- " der the influence of this irreſiſtible " pooer."

Here my uncle interpoſing, " I ſhould " be glad to know, (ſaid he) whether it " was inſtinct that prompted you to re- " treat with bag and baggage; for, I " think, you had a portmanteau on your " ſhoulder—" The lawyer anſwered, without heſitation, " Gif I might tell my " mind freely, withoot incuring the ſuſ- " picion of preſumption, I ſhould think " it was ſomething ſuperior to either rea- " ſon or inſtinct which ſuggeſted that " meaſure, and this on a twafald ac- " coont: in the firſt place, the port- " manteau contained the writings of a " worthy nobleman's eſtate; and their " being burnt would have occaſioned a " loſs that could not be repaired; ſe- " condly, my good angel ſeems to have " laid the portmantle on my ſhoulders, by " way of defence, to ſuſtain the violence " of a moſt inhuman blow, from the " crutch of a reverend clergyman; " which, even in ſpite of that medium, " hath wounded me ſorely, even unto " the pericranium." " By your own " doctrine, (cried the parſon, who chanced

" to be preſent) I am not accountable " for the blow, which was the effect of " inſtinct." " I crave your pardon, re- " verend ſir, (ſaid the other) inſtinct ne- " ver acts but for the preſervation of the " individual; but your preſervation was " out of the caſe——you had already re- " ceived the damage, and therefore the " blow muſt be imputed to revenge, " which is a ſinful paſſion, that ill be- " comes any Chriſtian, eſpecially a pro- " teſtant divine; and let me tell you, " moſt reverend doctor, gin I had a- " mind to plea, the law would hauld " my libel relevant." " Why, the da- " mage is pretty equal on both ſides " (cried the parſon); your head is broke, " and my crutch is ſnapt in the middle " —Now, if you will repair the one, I " will be at the expence of curing the " other."

This ſally raiſed the laugh againſt Micklewhimmen, who began to look grave; when my uncle, in order to change the diſcouſe, obſerved, that inſtinct had been very kind to him in another reſpect; for it had reſtored to him the uſe of his limbs, which, in his exit, he had moved with ſurpriſing agility.—— He replied, that it was the nature of fear

to

to brace up the nerves; and mentioned ſome ſurpriſing feats of ſtrength and activity performed by perſons under the impulſe of terror; but he complained, that in his own particular, the effects had ceaſed when the cauſe was taken away—The 'ſquire ſaid, he would lay a tea-drinking on his head, that he ſhould dance a Scotch meaſure, without making a falſe ſtep; and the advocate grinning, called for the piper—A fiddler being at hand, this original ſtarted up, with his bloody napkin over his black tye-periwig, and acquitted himſelf in ſuch a manner as exerted the mirth of the whole company; but he could not regain the good graces of Mrs. Tabby, who did not underſtand the principle of inſtinct; and the lawyer did not think it worth his while to proceed to further demonſtration.

From Harrigate, we came hither, by the way of York, and here we ſhall tarry ſome days, as my uncle and Tabitha are both reſolved to make uſe of the waters. Scarborough, though a paltry town, is romantic from its ſituation along a cliff that over-hangs the ſea. The harbour is formed by a ſmall elbow of land that runs out as a natural mole, directly oppoſite to the town; and on that ſide is

the caſtle, which ſtands very high, of conſiderable extent, and, before the invention of gun-powder, was counted impregnable. At the other end of Scarborough are two public rooms for the uſe of the company, who reſort to this place in the ſummer, to drink the waters and bathe in the ſea; and the diverſions are pretty much on the ſame footing here as at Bath. The Spa is a little way beyond the town, on this ſide, under a cliff, within a few paces of the ſea, and thither the drinkers go every morning in diſhabille; but the deſcent is by a great number of ſteps, which invalids find very inconvenient. Betwixt the well and the harbour, the bathing machines are ranged along the beach, with all their proper utenſils and attendants——You have never ſeen one of theſe machines—Image to yourſelf a ſmall, ſnug, wooden chamber, fixed upon a wheel-carriage, having a door at each end, and on each ſide a little window above, a bench below—The bather, aſcending into this apartment by wooden ſteps, ſhuts himſelf in, and begins to undreſs, while the attendant yokes a horſe to the end next the ſea, and draws the carriage forwards, till the ſurface of the water is on a level with the

the floor of the dreſſing-room, then he moves and fixes the horſe to the other end—The perſon within, being ſtripped, opens the door to the ſea-ward, where he finds the guide ready, and plunges headlong into the water——After having bathed, he re-aſcends into the apartment, by the ſteps which had been ſhifted for that purpoſe, and puts on his clothes at his leiſure, while the carriage is drawn back again upon the dry land; ſo that he has nothing further to do, but to open the door, and come down as he went up—Should he be ſo weak or ill as to require a ſervant to put off and on his clothes, there is room enough in the apartment for half a dozen people. The guides who attend the ladies in the water, are of their own ſex, and they and the female bathers have a dreſs of flannel for the ſea; nay, they are provided with other conveniences for the ſupport of decorum. A certain number of the machines are fitted with tilts, that project from the ſea-ward ends of them, ſo as to ſcreen the bathers from the view of all perſons whatſoever—The beach is admirably adapted for this practice, the deſcent being gently gradual, and the ſand ſoft as velvet; but then the machines can be

uſed

uſed only at a certain time of the tide, which varies every day; ſo that ſometimes the bathers are obliged to riſe very early in the morning——For my part, I love ſwimming as an exerciſe, and can enjoy it at all times of the tide, without the formality of an apparatus—You and I have often plunged together into the Iſis; but the ſea is a much more noble bath, for health as well as pleaſure. You cannot conceive what a flow of ſpirits it gives, and how it braces every ſinew of the human frame. Were I to enumerate half the diſeaſes which are every day cured by ſea-bathing, you might juſtly ſay you had received a treatiſe, inſtead of a letter, from

your affectionate friend

and ſervant,

Scarborough, July 1. J. MELFORD.

To

To Dr. Lewis.

I HAVE not found all the benefit I expected at Scarborough, where I have been theſe eight days—From Harrigate we came hither by the way of York, where we ſtayed only one day to viſit the Caſtle, the Minſter, and the Aſſembly-room. The firſt, which was heretofore a fortreſs, is now converted to a priſon, and is the beſt, in all reſpects, I ever ſaw at home or abroad—It ſtands in a high ſituation, extremely well ventilated; and has a ſpacious area within the walls, for the health and convenience of all the priſoners, except thoſe whom it is neceſſary to ſecure in cloſe confinement——Even theſe laſt have all the comforts that the nature of their ſituation can admit. Here the aſſizes are held, in a range of buildings erected for that purpoſe.

As for the Minſter, I know not how to diſtinguiſh it, except by its great ſize and the height of its ſpire, from thoſe other an-

antient churches in different parts of the kingdom, which uſed to be called monuments of Gothic architecture; but it is now agreed, that this ſtile is Saracen rather than Gothic; and, I ſuppoſe, it was firſt imported into England from Spain, great part of which was under the dominion of the Moors. Thoſe Britiſh architects, who adopted this ſtile, don't ſeem to have conſidered the propriety of their adoption. The climate of the country, poſſeſſed by the Moors or Saracens, both in Africa and Spain, was ſo exceedingly hot and dry, that thoſe who built places of worſhip for the multitude, employed their talents in contriving edifices that ſhould be cool; and, for this purpoſe, nothing could be better adopted than thoſe buildings; vaſt, narrow, dark, and lofty, impervious to the ſun-beams, and having little communication with the ſcorched external atmoſphere; but ever affording a refreſhing coolneſs, like ſubterranean cellars in the heats of ſummer, or natural caverns in the bowels of huge mountains. But nothing could be more prepoſterous, than to imitate ſuch a mode of architecture in a country like England, where the climate is cold, and the air eternally loaded with vapours; and

where,

where, of conſequence, the builder's intention ſhould be to keep the people dry and warm—For my part, I never entered the Abbey church at Bath but once, and the moment I ſtept over the threſhold, I found myſelf chilled to the very marrow of my bones—When we conſider, that in our churches, in general, we breathe a groſs ſtagnated air, ſurcharged with damps from vaults, tombs, and charnel-houſes, may we not term them ſo many magazines of rheums, created for the benefit of the medical faculty? and ſafely aver, that more bodies are loſt, than ſouls ſaved, by going to church, in the winter eſpecially, which may be ſaid to engroſs eight months in the year. I ſhould be glad to know, what offence it would give to tender conſciences, if the houſe of God was made more comfortable, or leſs dangerous to the health of valetudinarians; and whether it would not be an encouragement to piety, as well as the ſalvation of many lives, if the place of worſhip was well floored, wainſcotted, warmed, and ventilated, and its area kept ſacred from the pollution of the dead. The practice of burying in churches was the effect of ignorant ſuperſtition, influenced by knaviſh prieſts, who

who pretended that the devil could have no power over the defunct, if he was interred in holy ground; and this, indeed, is the only reaſon that can be given for conſecrating all cemeteries, even at this day.

The external appearance of an old cathedral cannot be but diſpleaſing to the eye of every man, who has any idea of propriety and proportion, even though he may be ignorant of architecture as a ſcience; and the long ſlender ſpire puts one in mind of a criminal impaled, with a ſharp ſtake riſing up through his ſhoulder—Theſe towers, or ſteeples, were likewiſe borrowed from the Mahometans; who, having no bells, uſed ſuch minarets for the purpoſe of calling the people to prayers—They may be of further uſe, however, for making obſervations and ſignals; but I would vote for their being diſtinct from the body of the church, becauſe they ſerve only to make the pile more barbarous, or Saracencial.

There is nothing of this Arabic architecture in the Aſſembly Room, which ſeems to me to have been built upon a deſign of Palladio, and might be converted into an elegant place of worſhip; but it is indifferently contrived for that ſort of ido-

idolatry which is performed in it at preſent: the grandeur of the fane gives a diminutive effect to the little painted divinities that are adored in it, and the company, on a ball-night, muſt look like an aſſembly of fantaſtic fairies, revelling by moon-light among the columns of a Grecian temple.

Scarborough ſeems to be falling off, in point of reputation——All theſe places (Bath excepted) have their vogue, and then the faſhion changes—I am perſuaded, there are fifty ſpaws in England as efficacious and ſalutary as that of Scarborough, though they have not yet riſen to fame; and, perhaps, never will, unleſs ſome medical encomiaſt ſhould find an intereſt in diſplaying their virtues to the public view——Be that as it may, recourſe will always be had to this place for the convenience of ſea-beathing, while this practice prevails; but it were to be wiſhed, they would make the beach more acceſſible to invalids.

I have here met with my old acquaintance, H——t, whom you have often heard me mention as one of the moſt original characters upon earth——I firſt knew him at Venice, and afterwards ſaw him in different parts of Italy, where he

was

was well known by the nick-name of Cavallo Bianco, from his appearing always mounted on a pale horſe, like Death in the Revelations. You muſt remember the account I once gave you of a curious diſpute he had at Conſtantinople, with a couple of Turks, in defence of the Chriſtian religion; a diſpute from which he acquired the epithet of Demonſtrator—The truth is, H—— owns no religion but that of nature; but, on this occaſion, he was ſtimulated to ſhew his parts, for the honour of his country—Some years ago, being in the Campidoglio at Rome, he made up to the buſt of Jupiter, and, bowing very low, exclaimed in the Italian language, "I hope, ſir, if ever you get "your head above water again, you will "remember that I paid my reſpects to "you in your adverſity." This ſally was reported to the cardinal Camerlengo, and by him laid before pope Benedict XIV. who could not help laughing at the extravagance of the addreſs, and ſaid to the cardinal, "Thoſe Engliſh heretics think "they have a right to go to the devil in "their own way."

Indeed H—— was the only Engliſhman I ever knew, who had reſolution enough to live in his own way, in the midſt

midſt of foreigners; for, neither in dreſs, diet, cuſtoms, or converſation, did he deviate one tittle from the manner in which he had been brought up. About twelve years ago, he began a Giro or circuit, which he thus performed—At Naples, where he fixed his head-quarters, he embarked for Marſeilles, from whence he travelled with a Voiturin to Antibes—There he took his paſſage to Genoa and Lerici; from which laſt place he proceeded, by the way of Cambratina, to Piſa and Florence—After having halted ſome time in this metropolis, he ſet out with a Vetturino for Rome, where he repoſed himſelf a few weeks, and then continued his route for Naples, in order to wait for the next opportunity of embarkation—After having twelve times deſcribed this circle, he lately flew off at a tangent to viſit ſome trees at his country-houſe in England, which he had planted above twenty years ago, after the plan of the double colonnade in the piazza of St. Peter's at Rome——He came hither to Scarborough, to pay his reſpects to his noble friend and former pupil, the M— of G——, and, forgetting that he is now turned of ſeventy, ſacrificed ſo liberally to Bacchus, that next day he was ſeized with

a fit of the apoplexy, which has a little impaired his memory; but he retains all the oddity of his character in perfection, and is going back to Italy, by the way of Geneva, that he may have a conference with his friend Voltaire, about giving the laſt blow to the Chriſtian ſuperſtition—He intends to take ſhipping here for Holland or Hamburgh; for it is a matter of great indifference to him at what part of the continent he firſt lands.

When he was going abroad the laſt time, he took his paſſage in a ſhip bound for Leghorn, and his baggage was actually embarked. In going down the river by water, he was by miſtake put on board of another veſſel under ſail; and, upon inquiry, underſtood ſhe was bound to Peterſburgh—— "Peterſburgh,—Peterſ- "burgh—(ſaid he) I don't care if I go "along with you." He forthwith ſtruck a bargain with the captain; bought a couple of ſhirts of the mate, and was ſafe conveyed to the court of Muſcovy, from whence he travelled by land to receive his baggage at Leghorn——He is now more likely than ever to execute a whim of the ſame nature; and I will hold any wager, that as he cannot be ſuppoſed

to

to live much longer, according to the courſe of nature, his exit will be as odd as his life has been extravagant *.

But, to return from one humoriſt to another; you muſt know I have received benefit, both from the chalybeate and the ſea, and would have uſed them longer, had not a moſt ridiculous adventure, by making me the town-talk, obliged me to leave the place; for I can't bear the thoughts of affording a ſpectacle to the multitude——Yeſterday morning, at ſix o'clock, I went down to the bathing-place, attended by my ſervant Clinker, who waited on the beach as uſual—The wind blowing from the north, and the

* This gentleman croſſed the ſea to France, viſited and conferred with Mr. de Voltaire at Fernay, reſumed his old circuit at Genoa, and died in 1767, at the houſe of Vanini in Florence. Being taken with a ſuppreſſion of urine, he reſolved, in imitation of Pomponius Atticus, to take himſelf off by abſtinence; and this reſolution he executed like an ancient Roman. He ſaw company to the laſt, cracked his jokes, converſed freely, and entertained his gueſts with muſic. On the third day of his faſt, he found himſelf entirely freed of his complaint; but refuſed taking ſuſtenance. He ſaid the moſt diſagreeable part of the voyage was paſt, and he ſhould be a curſed fool indeed, to put about ſhip, when he was juſt entering the harbour. In theſe ſentiments he perſiſted, without any marks of affectation, and thus finiſhed his courſe with ſuch eaſe and ſerenity, as would have done honour to the firmeſt Stoic of antiquity.

weather being hazy, the water proved ſo chill, that when I roſe from my firſt plunge, I could not help ſobbing and bawling out, from the effects of the cold. Clinker, who heard me cry, and ſaw me indiſtinctly a good way without the guide, buffeting the waves, took it for granted I was drowning, and ruſhing into the ſea, clothes and all, overturned the guide in his hurry to ſave his maſter. I had ſwam out a few ſtrokes, when hearing a noiſe, I turned about and ſaw Clinker, already up to his neck, advancing towards me, with all the wildneſs of terror in his aſpect—Afraid he would get out of his depth, I made haſte to meet him, when, all of a ſudden, he ſeized me by one ear, and dragged me bellowing with pain upon the dry beach, to the aſtoniſhment of all the people, men, women, and children there aſſembled.

I was ſo exaſperated by the pain of my ear, and the diſgrace of being expoſed in ſuch an attitude, that, in the firſt tranſport, I ſtruck him down; then, running back into the ſea, took ſhelter in the machine where my clothes had been depoſited. I ſoon recollected myſelf ſo far as to do juſtice to the poor fellow, who, in great ſimplicity of heart, had acted from

from motives of fidelity and affection—Opening the door of the machine, which was immediately drawn on ſhore, I ſaw him ſtanding by the wheel, dropping like a water-work, and trembling from head to foot; partly from cold, and partly from the dread of having offended his maſter—I made my acknowledgments for the blow he had received, aſſured him I was not angry, and inſiſted upon his going home immediately, to ſhift his clothes; a command which he could hardly find in his heart to execute, ſo well diſpoſed was he to furniſh the mob with further entertainment at my expence. Clinker's intention was laudable without all doubt, but, nevertheleſs, I am a ſufferer by his ſimplicity—I have had a burning-heat, and a ſtrange buzzing noiſe in that ear, ever ſince it was ſo roughly treated; and I cannot walk the ſtreet without being pointed at, as the monſter that was hauled naked a-ſhore upon the beach—Well, I affirm that folly is often more provoking than knavery, aye and more miſchievous too; and whether a man had not better chooſe a ſenſible rogue, than an honeſt ſimpleton for his ſervant, is no matter of doubt with

yours,

Scarborough, July 4. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jeſus college, Oxon.

DEAR WATT,

WE made a precipitate retreat from Scarborough, owing to the exceſſive delicacy of our 'ſquire, who cannot bear the thoughts of being *prætereuntium digito monſtratus.*

One morning, while he was bathing in the ſea, his man Clinker took it in his head that his maſter was in danger of drowning; and, in this conceit, plunging into the water, he lugged him out naked on the beach, and almoſt pulled off his ear in the operation. You may gueſs how this atchievement was reliſhed by Mr. Bramble, who is impatient, iraſcible, and has the moſt extravavant ideas of decency and decorum in the œconomy of his own perſon—In the firſt ebullition of his choler, he knocked Clinker down with his fiſt; but he afterwards made him amends for this outrage, and,

and, in order to avoid the further notice of the people, among whom this incident had made him remarkable, he reſolved to leave Scarborough next day.

We ſet out accordingly over the moors, by the way of Whitby, and began our journey betimes, in hopes of reaching Stockton that night; but in this hope we were diſappointed—In the afternoon, croſſing a deep gutter, made by a torrent, the coach was ſo hard ſtrained, that one of the irons, which connect the frame, ſnapt, and the leather ſling on the ſame ſide, cracked in the middle—The ſhock was ſo great, that my ſiſter Liddy ſtruck her head againſt Mrs. Tabitha's noſe with ſuch violence that the blood flowed; and Win Jenkins was darted through a ſmall window, in that part of the carriage next the horſes, where ſhe ſtuck like a bawd in the pillory, till ſhe was releaſed by the hand of Mr. Bramble. We were eight miles diſtant from any place where we could be ſupplied with chaiſes, and it was impoſſible to proceed with the coach, until the damage ſhould be repaired—In this dilemma, we diſcovered a black-ſmith's forge on the edge of a ſmall common, about half a mile from the ſcene of our diſaſter,

and thither the poſtilions made ſhift to draw the carriage ſlowly, while the company walked a-foot; but we found the black-ſmith had been dead ſome days; and his wife, who had been lately delivered, was deprived of her ſenſes, under the care of a nurſe, hired by the pariſh. We were exceedingly mortified at this diſappointment, which, however, was ſurmounted by the help of Humphry Clinker, who is a ſurpriſing compound of genius and ſimplicity. Finding the tools of the defunct, together with ſome coals in the ſmithy, he unſcrewed the damaged iron in a twinkling, and, kindling a fire, united the broken pieces with equal dexterity and diſpatch—While he was at work upon this operation, the poor woman in the ſtraw, ſtruck with the well-known ſound of the hammer and anvil, ſtarted up, and, notwithſtanding all the nurſe's efforts, came running into the ſmithy, where, throwing her arms about Clinker's neck, "Ah, Jacob! "(cried ſhe) how could you leave me in "ſuch a condition?"

This incident was too pathetic to occaſion mirth——it brought tears into the eyes of all preſent. The poor widow was put to bed again; and we did not leave the

the village without doing ſomething for her benefit—Even Tabitha's charity was awakened on this occaſion. As for the tender-hearted Humphry Clinker, he hammered the iron and wept at the ſame time—But his ingenuity was not confined to his own province of farrier and blackſmith—it was neceſſary to join the leather ſling, which had been broke; and this ſervice he likewiſe performed, by means of a broken awl, which he new-pointed and ground, a little hemp, which he ſpun into lingels, and a few tacks which he made for the purpoſe—Upon the whole, we were in a condition to proceed in little more than one hour; but even this delay obliged us to paſs the night at Giſborough—Next day we croſſed the Tees at Stockton, which is a neat agreeable town; and there we reſolved to dine, with purpoſe to lie at Durham.

Whom ſhould we meet in the yard, when we alighted, but Martin the adventurer? Having handed out the ladies, and conducted them into an apartment, where he payed his compliments to Mrs. Tabby, with his uſual addreſs, he begged leave to ſpeak to my uncle in another room; and there, in ſome confuſion, he made an apology for having taken the

liberty to trouble him with a letter at Stevenage. He expreſſed his hope, that Mr. Bramble had beſtowed ſome conſideration on his unhappy caſe, and repeated his deſire of being taken into his ſervice.

My uncle, calling me into the room, told him, that we were both very well inclined to reſcue him from a way of life that was equally dangerous and diſhonourable; and that he ſhould have no ſcruples in truſting to his gratitude and fidelity, if he had any employment for him, which he thought would ſuit his qualifications and his circumſtances; but that all the departments he had mentioned in his letter, were filled up by perſons of whoſe conduct he had no reaſon to complain; of conſequence he could not, without injuſtice, deprive any one of them of his bread—Nevertheleſs, he declared himſelf ready to aſſiſt him in any feaſible project, either with his purſe or credit.

Martin ſeemed deeply touched at this declaration—The tear ſtarted in his eye, while he ſaid, in a faultering accent—"Worthy ſir—your generoſity oppreſſes "me—I never dreamed of troubling you "for any pecuniary aſſiſtance—indeed I "have

" have no occaſion—I have been ſo lucky
" at billiards and betting in different
" places, at Buxton, Harrigate, Scar-
" borough, and Newcaſtle races, that
" my ſtock in ready-money amounts to
" three hundred pounds, which I would
" willingly employ, in proſecuting ſome
" honeſt ſcheme of life; but my friend,
" juſtice Buzzard, has ſet ſo many
" ſprings for my life, that I am under
" the neceſſity of either retiring imme-
" diately to a remote part of the coun-
" try, where I can enjoy the protection
" of ſome generous patron, or of quit-
" ting the kingdom altogether—It is
" upon this alternative that I now beg
" leave to aſk your advice—I have had
" information of all your route, ſince I
" had the honour to ſee you at Steven-
" age; and, ſuppoſing you would come
" this way from Scarborough, I came
" hither laſt night from Darlington, to
" pay you my reſpects."

" It would be no difficult matter to
" provide you with an aſylum in the
" country (replied my uncle); but a life
" of indolence and obſcurity would not
" ſuit with your active and enterprizing
" diſpoſition—I would therefore adviſe
" you to try your fortune in the Eaſt Indies

" —I will give you a letter to a friend in " London, who will recommend you to " the direction, for a commiſſion in the " company's ſervice; and if that cannot " be obtained, you will at leaſt be re- " ceived as a volunteer—in which caſe, " you may pay for your paſſage, and I " ſhall undertake to procure you ſuch " credentials, that you will not be long " without a commiſſion."

Martin embraced the propoſal with great eagerneſs; it was therefore reſolved, that he ſhould ſell his horſe, and take a paſſage by ſea for London, to execute the project without delay—In the mean time he accompanied us to Durham, where we took up our quarters for the night—Here, being furniſhed with letters from my uncle, he took his leave of us, with ſtrong ſymptoms of gratitude and attachment, and ſet out for Sunderland, in order to embark in the firſt collier, bound for the river Thames. He had not been gone half an hour, when we were joined by another character, which promiſed ſomething extraordinary —A tall, meagure figure, anſwering, with his horſe, the deſcription of Don Quixote mounted on Rozinante, appeared in the twilight at the inn door, while

while my aunt and Liddy ſtood at a window in the dining-room—He wore a coat, the cloth of which had once been ſcarlet, trimmed with Brandenburgs, now totally deprived of their metal, and he had holſter-caps and houſing of the ſame ſtuff and ſame antiquity. Perceiving ladies at the window above, he endeavoured to diſmount with the moſt graceful air he could aſſume; but the oſtler neglecting to hold the ſtirrup when he wheeled off his right foot, and ſtood with his whole weight on the other, the girth unfortunately gave way, the ſaddle turned, down came the cavalier to the ground, and his hat and periwig falling off, diſplayed a head-piece of various colours, patched and plaiſtered in a woeful condition—The ladies, at the window above, ſhrieked with affright, on the ſuppoſition that the ſtranger had received ſome notable damage in his fall; but the greateſt injury he had ſuſtained aroſe from the diſhonour of his deſcent, aggravated by the diſgrace of expoſing the condition of his cranium; for certain plebeians that were about the door, laughed aloud, in the belief that the captain had got either a ſcald head, or a broken head, both equally opprobrious.

He forthwith leaped up in a fury, and ſnatching one of his piſtols, threatened to put the oſtler to death, when another ſquall from the women checked his reſentment. He then bowed to the window, while he kiſſed the butt-end of his piſtol, which he replaced; adjuſted his wig in great confuſion, and led his horſe into the ſtable—By this time I had come to the door, and could not help gazing at the ſtrange figure that preſented itſelf to my view—He would have meaſured above ſix feet in height, had he ſtood upright; but he ſtooped very much; was very narrow in the ſhoulders, and very thick in the calves of his legs, which were caſed in black ſpatterdaſhes—As for his thighs, they were long and ſlender, like thoſe of a graſshopper; his face was, at leaſt, half a yard in length, brown and ſhrivelled, with projecting cheek-bones, little grey eyes on the greeniſh hue, a large hook-noſe, a pointed chin, a mouth from ear to ear, very ill furniſhed with teeth, and a high, narrow fore-head, well furrowed with wrinkles. His horſe was exactly in the ſtile of its rider; a reſurrection of dry bones, which (as we afterwards learned) he valued exceedingly,

ly, as the only preſent he had ever received in his life.

Having ſeen this favourite ſteed properly accommodated in the ſtable, he ſent up his compliments to the ladies, begging permiſſion to thank them in perſon for the marks of concern they had ſhewn at his diſaſter in the court-yard—As the 'ſquire ſaid they could not deſently decline his viſit, he was ſhewn up ſtairs, and paid his reſpects in the Scotch dialect, with much formality—"Ladies, (ſaid he) perhaps ye may be ſcandaleezed at the appearance my heed made, when it was uncovered by accident; but I can aſſure you, the condition you ſaw it in, is neither the effects of diſeaſe, nor of drunkenneſs; but an honeſt ſcar received in the ſervice of my country." He then gave us to underſtand, that having been wounded at Ticonderoga, in America, a party of Indians rifled him, ſcalped him, broke his ſcull with the blow of a tomahawk, and left him for dead on the field of battle; but that being afterwards found with ſigns of life, he had been cured in the French hoſpital, though the loſs of ſubſtance could not be repaired; ſo

that

that the ſcull was left naked in ſeveral places, and theſe he covered with patches.

There is no hold by which an Engliſhman is ſooner taken than that of compaſſion—We were immediately intereſted in behalf of this veteran—Even Tabby's heart was melted; but our pity was warmed with indignation, when we learned, that in the courſe of two ſanguinary wars, he had been wounded, maimed, mutilated, taken, and enſlaved, without ever having attained a higher rank than that of lieutenant——My uncle's eyes gleamed, and his nether lip quivered, while he exclamed, "I vow to God, ſir, "your caſe is a reproach to the ſervice "—The injuſtice you have met with is "ſo flagrant——" "I muſt crave "your pardon, ſir, (cried the other, in-"terrupting him) I complain of no in-"juſtice—I purchaſed an enſigncy thirty "years ago; and, in the courſe of ſer-"vice, roſe to be a lieutenant, accord-"ing to my ſeniority—" "But in ſuch "a length of time, (reſumed the 'ſquire) "you muſt have ſeen a great many "young officers put over your head—" "Nevertheleſs, (ſaid he) I have no cauſe "to murmur—They bought their pre-"ferment with their money—I had no

"money

" money to carry to market—that was " my misfortune; but no body was to " blame—" " What! no friend to ad- " vance a ſum of money?" (ſaid Mr. Bramble) " Perhaps, I might have bor- " rowed money for the purchaſe of a " company (anſwered the other); but " that loan muſt have been refunded; " and I did not chuſe to incumber my- " ſelf with a debt of a thouſand pounds, " to be payed from an income of ten " ſhillings a-day." " So you have ſpent " the beſt part of your life, (cried Mr. " Bramble) your youth, your blood, and " your conſtitution, amidſt the dangers, " the difficulties, the horrors and hard- " ſhips of war, for the conſideration of " three or four ſhillings a-day—a conſi- " deration—" " Sir, (replied the Scot, " with great warmth) you are the man " that does me injuſtice, if you ſay or " think I have been actuated by any " ſuch paultry conſideration——I am a " gentleman; and entered the ſervice as " other gentlemen do, with ſuch hopes " and ſentiments as honourable ambition " inſpires—If I have not been lucky in " the lottery of life, ſo neither do I think " myſelf unfortunate—I owe no man a

" farth-

" farthing; I can always command a " clean ſhirt, a mutton-chop, and a truſs " of ſtraw; and when I die, I ſhall leave " effects ſufficient to defray the expence " of my burial."

My uncle aſſured him, he had no intention to give him the leaſt offence, by the obſervations he had made; but, on the contrary, ſpoke from a ſentiment of friendly regard to his intereſt—The lieutenant thanked him with a ſtiffneſs of civility, which nettled our old gentleman, who perceived that his moderation was all affected; for, whatſoever his tongue might declare, his whole appearance denoted diſſatisfaction—In ſhort, without pretending to judge of his military merit, I think I may affirm, that this Caledonian is a ſelf-conceited pedant, aukward, rude, and diſputacious—He has had the benefit of a ſchool-education, ſeems to have read a good number of books, his memory is tenacious, and he pretends to ſpeak ſeveral different languages; but he is ſo addicted to wrangling, that he will cavil at the cleareſt truths, and, in the pride of argumentation, attempt to reconcile contradictions——Whether his addreſs and qualifications are really of

that

that ſtamp which is agreeable to the taſte of our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, or that indefatigable maiden is determined to ſhoot at every ſort of game, certain it is ſhe has begun to practiſe upon the heart of the lieutenant, who favoured us with his company to ſupper.

I have many other things to ſay of this man of war, which I ſhall communicate in a poſt or two; mean while, it is but reaſonable that you ſhould be indulged with ſome reſpite from thoſe weary lucubrations of

yours,

Newcaſtle upon Tyne,
July 10.

J. MELFORD.

To

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jeſus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

IN my laſt I treated you with a high flavoured diſh, in the character of the Scotch lieutenant, and I muſt preſent him once more for your entertainment. It was our fortune to feed upon him the beſt part of three days; and I do not doubt that he will ſtart again in our way before we ſhall have finiſhed our northern excurſion. The day after our meeting with him at Durham proved ſo tempeſtous that we did not chooſe to proceed on our journey; and my uncle perſuaded him to ſtay till the weather ſhould clear up, giving him, at the ſame time, a general invitation to our meſs. The man has certainly gathered a whole budget of ſhrewd obſervations, but he brings them forth in ſuch an ungracious manner as would be extremely diſguſting, if it was not marked by that charac-

teriſtic

teriſtic oddity which never fails to attract the attention.—He and Mr. Bramble diſcourſed, and even diſputed, on different ſubjects in war, policy, the belles lettres, law, and metaphyſics; and ſometimes they were warmed into ſuch altercation as ſeemed to threaten an abrupt diſſolution of their ſociety; but Mr. Bramble ſet a guard over his own iraſcibility, the more vigilantly as the officer was his gueſt; and when, in ſpite of all his efforts, he began to wax warm, the other prudently cooled in the ſame proportion.

Mrs. Tabitha chancing to accoſt her brother by the familiar diminutive of Matt, "Pray, ſir, (ſaid the lieutenant) "is your name Matthias?" You muſt know, it is one of our uncle's foibles to be aſhamed of his name Matthew, becauſe it is puritanical; and this queſtion chagrined him ſo much, that he anſwered, "No, by G—d!" in a very abrupt tone of diſpleaſure.—The Scot took umbrage at the manner of his reply, and briſtling up, "If I had known (ſaid he) "that you did not care to tell your name, "I ſhould not have aſked the queſtion—— "The leddy called you Matt, and I na- "turally thought it was Matthias:——

"per-

" perhaps, it may be Methuſelah, or " Metrodorus, or Metellus, or Mathu- " rinus, or Malthinnus, or Matamoros, " or———" " No, (cried my uncle " laughing) it is neither of thoſe, captain: " —my name is Matthew Bramble, at " your ſervice.—The truth is, I have a " fooliſh pique at the name of Matthew, " becauſe it ſavours of thoſe canting hypo- " crites, who, in Cromwell's time, chriſt- " ened all their children by names taken " from the ſcripture."——" A fooliſh " pique indeed, (cried Mrs. Tabby) and " even ſinful, to fall out with your name " becauſe it is taken from holy writ.— " I would have you to know, you was " called after great-uncle Matthew ap " Madoc ap Meredith, eſquire, of Llan- " wyſthin, in Montgomeryſhire, juſtice " of the *quorum*, and *cruſty ruttleorum*, a " gentleman of great worth and property, " deſcended in a ſtrait line, by the fe- " male ſide, from Llewellyn, prince of " Wales."

This genealogical anecdote ſeemed to make ſome impreſſion upon the North-Briton, who bowed very low to the deſcendants of Llewellyn, and obſerved that he himſelf had the honour of a ſcriptural nomination. The lady expreſſing a de-

ſire

ſire of knowing his addreſs, he ſaid, he deſigned himſelf Lieutenant Obadiah Liſmahago; and, in order to aſſiſt her memory, he preſented her with a ſlip of paper inſcribed with theſe three words, which ſhe repeated with great emphaſis, declaring, it was one of the moſt noble and ſonorous names ſhe had ever heard. He obſerved, that Obadiah was an adventitious appellation, derived from his great-grandfather, who had been one of the original covenanters; but Liſmahago was the family ſurname, taken from a place in Scotland ſo called. He likewiſe dropped ſome hints about the antiquity of his pedigree, adding, with a ſmile of ſelf-denial, *Sed genus et proavos, et quæ non fecimus ipſi, vix ea noſtra voco*, which quotation he explained in deference to the ladies; and Mrs. Tabitha did not fail to compliment him on his modeſty in waving the merit of his anceſtry, adding, that it was the leſs neceſſary to him, as he had ſuch a conſiderable fund of his own. She now began to glew herſelf to his favour with the groſſeſt adulation.—She expatiated upon the antiquity and virtues of the Scottiſh nation, upon their valour, probity, learning, and politeneſs.—She even deſcended to encomiums on his own per-

perſonal addreſs, his gallantry, good ſenſe, and erudition.—She appealed to her brother, whether the captain was not the very image of our couſin governor Griffith.—She diſcovered a ſurpriſing eagerneſs to know the particulars of his life, and aſked a thouſand queſtions concerning his atchievements in war; all which Mr. Liſmahago anſwered with a ſort of jeſuitical reſerve, affecting a reluctance to ſatisfy her curioſity on a ſubject that concerned his own exploits.

By dint of her interrogations, however, we learned, that he and enſign Murphy had made their eſcape from the French hoſpital at Montreal, and taken to the woods, in hope of reaching ſome Engliſh ſettlement; but miſtaking their route, they fell in with a party of Miamis, who carried them away in captivity. The intention of theſe Indians was to give one of them as an adopted ſon to a venerable ſachem, who had loſt his own in the courſe of the war, and to ſacrifice the other according to the cuſtom of the country. Murphy, as being the younger and handſomer of the two, was deſigned to fill the place of the deceaſed, not only as the ſon of the ſachem, but as the ſpouſe of a beautiful ſquaw, to whom his pre-

predeceſſor had been betrothed; but in paſſing through the different whigwhams or villages of the Miamis, poor Murphy was ſo mangled by the women and children, who have the privilege of torturing all priſoners in their paſſage, that, by the time they arrived at the place of the ſachem's reſidence, he was rendered altogether unfit for the purpoſes of marriage: it was determined therefore, in the aſſembly of the warriors, that enſign Murphy ſhould be brought to the ſtake, and that the lady ſhould be given to lieutenant Liſmahago, who had likewiſe received his ſhare of torments, though they had not produced emaſculation.—A joint of one finger had been cut, or rather ſawed off with a ruſty knife; one of his great toes was cruſhed into a maſh betwixt two ſtones; ſome of his teeth were drawn, or dug out with a crooked nail; ſplintered reeds had been thruſt up his noſtrils and other tender parts; and the calves of his legs had been blown up with mines of gunpowder dug in the fleſh with the ſharp point of the tomahawk.

The Indians themſelves allowed that Murphy died with great heroiſm, ſinging, as his death ſong, the *Drimmendoo*, in concert with Mr. Liſmahago, who was pre-

preſent at the ſolemnity. After the warriors and the matrons had made a hearty meal upon the muſcular fleſh which they pared from the victim, and had applied a great variety of tortures, which he bore without flinching, an old lady, with a ſharp knife, ſcooped out one of his eyes, and put a burning coal in the ſocket. The pain of this operation was ſo exquiſite that he could not help bellowing, upon which the audience raiſed a ſhout of exultation, and one of the warriors ſtealing behind him, gave him the *coup de grace* with a hatchet.

Liſmahago's bride, the ſquaw Squinkinacooſta, diſtinguiſhed herſelf on this occaſion.——She ſhewed a great ſuperiority of genius in the tortures which ſhe contrived and executed with her own hands.—She vied with the ſtouteſt warrior in eating the fleſh of the ſacrifice; and after all the other females were fuddled with dram-drinking, ſhe was not ſo intoxicated but that ſhe was able to play the game of the platter with the conjuring ſachem, and afterwards go through the ceremony of her own wedding, which was conſummated that ſame evening. The captain had lived very happily with this accompliſhed ſquaw for two years,

years, during which ſhe bore him a ſon, who is now the repreſentative of his mother's tribe; but, at length, to his unſpeakable grief, ſhe had died of a fever, occaſioned by eating too much raw bear, which they had killed in a hunting excurſion.

By this time, Mr. Liſmahago was elected ſachem, acknowledged firſt warrior of the Badger tribe, and dignified with the name or epithet of Occacanaſtaogarora, which ſignifies *nimble as a weaſel*; but all theſe advantages and honours he was obliged to reſign, in conſequence of being exchanged for the orator of the community, who had been taken priſoner by the Indians that were in alliance with the Engliſh. At the peace, he had ſold out upon half-pay, and was returned to Britain, with a view to paſs the reſt of his life in his own country, where he hoped to find ſome retreat where his ſlender finances would afford him a decent ſubſiſtence. Such are the out-lines of Mr. Liſmahago's hiſtory, to which Tabitha *did ſeriouſly incline her ear*;—indeed, ſhe ſeemed to be taken with the ſame charms that captivated the heart of Deſdemona, who loved the Moor *for the dangers he had paſt*.

The deſcription of poor Murphy's ſufferings, which threw my ſiſter Liddy into a ſwoon, extracted ſome ſighs from the breaſt of Mrs. Tabby: when ſhe underſtood he had been rendered unfit for marriage, ſhe began to ſpit, and ejaculated, "Jeſus, what cruel barbarians!" and ſhe made wry faces at the lady's nuptial repaſt; but ſhe was eagerly curious to know the particulars of her marriage-dreſs; whether ſhe wore high-breaſted ſtays or boddice, a robe of ſilk or velvet, and laces of Mechlin or minionette—ſhe ſuppoſed, as they were connected with the French, ſhe uſed *rouge*, and had her hair dreſſed in the Pariſian faſhion. The captain would have declined giving a categorical explanation of all theſe particulars, obſerving, in general, that the Indians were too tenacious of their own cuſtoms to adopt the modes of any nation whatſoever: he ſaid, moreover, that neither the ſimplicity of their manners, nor the commerce of their country, would admit of thoſe articles of luxury which are deemed magnificence in Europe; and that they were too virtuous and ſenſible to encourage the introduction of any faſhion which might help to render them corrupt and effeminate.

Theſe

Theſe obſervations ſerved only to inflame her deſire of knowing the particulars about which ſhe had enquired; and, with all his evaſion, he could not help diſcovering the following circumſtances—that his princeſs had neither ſhoes, ſtockings, ſhift, nor any kind of linen—that her bridal dreſs conſiſted of a petticoat of red bays, and a fringed blanket, faſtened about her ſhoulders with a copper ſkewer; but of ornaments ſhe had great plenty.—Her hair was curiouſly plaited, and interwoven with bobbins of human bone—one eye-lid was painted green, and the other yellow; the cheeks were blue, the lips white, the teeth red, and there was a black liſt drawn down the middle of the forehead as far as the tip of the noſe—a couple of gaudy parrot's feathers were ſtuck through the diviſion of the noſtrils—there was a blue ſtone ſet in the chin—her ear-rings conſiſted of two pieces of hickery, of the ſize and ſhape of drumſticks—her arms and legs were adorned with bracelets of wampum—her breaſt glittered with numerous ſtrings of glaſs beads—ſhe wore a curious pouch, or pocket, of woven graſs, elegantly painted with various colours—about her neck was hung the freſh ſcalp of a Mohawk warrior,

rior, whom her deceaſed lover had lately ſlain in battle—and, finally, ſhe was anointed from head to foot with bear's greaſe, which ſent forth a moſt agreeable odour.

One would imagine that theſe paraphernalia would not have been much admired by a modern fine lady; but Mrs. Tabitha was reſolved to approve of all the captain's connexions.—She wiſhed, indeed, the ſquaw had been better provided with linen; but ſhe owned there was much taſte and fancy in her ornaments; ſhe made no doubt, therefore, that madam Squinkinacooſta was a young lady of good ſenſe and rare accompliſhments, and a good chriſtian at bottom. Then ſhe aſked whether his conſort had been high-church or low-church, preſbyterian or anabaptiſt, or had been favoured with any glimmering of the new light of the goſpel? When he confeſſed that ſhe and her whole nation were utter ſtrangers to the chriſtian faith, ſhe gazed at him with ſigns of aſtoniſhment, and Humphry Clinker, who chanced to be in the room, uttered a hollow groan.

After ſome pauſe, "In the name of "God, captain Liſmahago, (cried ſhe) "what religion do they profeſs?" "As "to

" to religion, madam, (anſwered the " lieutenant) it is among thoſe Indians a " matter of great ſimplicity—they never " heard of any *Alliance between Church and* " *State.*—They, in general, worſhip two " contending principles; one the Foun- " tain of all Good, the other the ſource " of evil.—The common people there, " as in other countries, run into the ab- " ſurdities of ſuperſtition; but ſenſible " men pay adoration to a Supreme Being, " who created and ſuſtains the univerſe."

" O! what pity, (exclaimed the pious " Tabby) that ſome holy man has not " been inſpired to go and convert theſe " poor heathens!"

The lieutenant told her, that while he reſided among them, two French miſſionaries arrived, in order to convert them to the catholic religion; but when they talked of myſteries and revelations, which they could neither explain nor authenticate, and called in the evidence of miracles which they believed upon hearſay; when they taught, that the Supreme Creator of Heaven and Earth had allowed his only Son, his own equal in power and glory, to enter the bowels of a woman, to be born as a human creature, to be inſulted, flagellated, and even exe-

cuted as a malefactor; when they pretended to create God himſelf, to ſwallow, digeſt, revive, and multiply him *ad infinitum*, by the help of a little flour and water, the Indians were ſhocked at the impiety of their preſumption.—They were examined by the aſſembly of the ſachems, who deſired them to prove the divinity of their miſſion by ſome miracle.—They anſwered, that it was not in their power. ——"If you were really ſent by Heaven "for our converſion, (ſaid one of the "ſachems) you would certainly have "ſome ſupernatural endowments, at leaſt "you would have the gift of tongues, in "order to explain your doctrine to the "different nations among which you are "employed; but you are ſo ignorant of "our language, that you cannot expreſs "yourſelves even on the moſt trifling "ſubjects."

In a word, the aſſembly were convinced of their being cheats, and even ſuſpected them of being ſpies:—they ordered them a bag of Indian corn a piece, and appointed a guide to conduct them to the frontiers; but the miſſionaries having more zeal than diſcretion, refuſed to quit the vineyard.—They perſiſted in ſaying maſs, in preaching, baptizing, and ſquabbling

bling with the conjurers, or prieſts of the country, till they had thrown the whole community into confuſion.—Then the aſſembly proceeded to try them as impious impoſtors, who repreſented the Almighty as a trifling, weak, capricious being, and pretended to make, unmake, and reproduce him at pleaſure: they were, therefore, convicted of blaſphemy and ſedition, and condemned to the ſtake, where they died ſinging *Salve regina*, in a rapture of joy, for the crown of martyrdom which they had thus obtained.

In the courſe of this converſation, lieutenant Liſmahago dropt ſome hints by which it appeared he himſelf was a free-thinker. Our aunt ſeemed to be ſtartled at certain ſarcaſms he threw out againſt the creed of ſaint Athanaſius.—He dwelt much upon the words, *reaſon*, *philoſophy*, and *contradiction in terms*—he bid defiance to the eternity of hell-fire; and even threw ſuch ſquibs at the immortality of the ſoul, as ſinged a little the whiſkers of Mrs. Tabitha's faith; for, by this time, ſhe began to look upon Liſmahago as a prodigy of learning and ſagacity.—In ſhort, he could be no longer inſenſible to the advances ſhe made towards his affection; and although there was ſomething

repulsive in his nature, he overcame it so far as to make some return to her civilities. —Perhaps, he thought it would be no bad scheme, in a superannuated lieutenant on half-pay, to effect a conjunction with an old maid, who, in all probability, had fortune enough to keep him easy and comfortable in the fag-end of his days.— An ogling correspondence forthwith commenced between this amiable pair of originals.—He began to sweeten the natural acidity of his discourse with the treacle of compliment and commendation.——He from time to time offered her snuff, of which he himself took great quantities, and even made her a present of a purse of silk grass, woven by the hands of the amiable Squinkinacoosta, who had used it as a shot-pouch in her hunting-expeditions.

From Doncaster northwards, all the windows of all the inns are scrawled with doggrel rhimes, in abuse of the Scotch nation; and what surprised me very much, I did not perceive one line written in the way of recrimination —Curious to hear what Lismahago would say on this subject, I pointed out to him a very scurrilous epigram against his countrymen, which was engraved on one of the windows

dows of the parlour where we ſat.——He read it with the moſt ſtarched compoſure; and when I aſked his opinion of the poetry, "It is vara terſe and vara poignant; "(ſaid he) but with the help of a wat "diſh-clout, it might be rendered more "clear and parſpicous.—I marvel much "that ſome modern wit has not publiſh-"ed a collection of theſe eſſays under "the title of the *Glazier's Triumph over "Sawney the Scot*——I'm perſuaded it "would be a vara agreable offering to "the patriots of London and Weſtmin-"ſter." When I expreſſed ſome ſurprize that the natives of Scotland, who travel this way, had not broke all the windows upon the road, "With ſubmiſ-"ſion, (replied the lieutenant) that were "but ſhallow policy—it would only ſerve "to make the ſatire more cutting and "ſevere; and, I think, it is much better "to let it ſtand in the window, than "have it preſented in the reckoning."

My uncle's jaws began to quiver with indignation.——He ſaid, the ſcribblers of ſuch infamous ſtuff deſerved to be ſcourged at the cart's tail for diſgracing their country with ſuch monuments of malice and ſtupidity.—"Theſe vermin "(ſaid he) do not conſider, that they are

" affording their fellow-ſubjects, whom " they abuſe, continual matter of ſelf- " gratulation, as well as the means of ex- " ecuting the moſt manly vengeance that " can be taken for ſuch low, illiberal at- " tacks. For my part, I admire the " philoſophic forbearance of the Scots, " as much as I deſpiſe the inſolence of " thoſe wretched libellers, which is akin " to the arrogance of the village cock, " who never crows but upon his own " dunghill." The captain, with an affectation of candour, obſerved, that men of illiberal minds were produced in every ſoil; that in ſuppoſing thoſe were the ſentiments of the Engliſh in general, he ſhould pay too great a compliment to his own country, which was not of conſequence enough to attract the envy of ſuch a flouriſhing and powerful people.

Mrs. Tabby broke forth again in praiſe of his moderation, and declared that Scotland was the ſoil which produced every virtue under heaven.—When Liſmahago took his leave for the night, ſhe aſked her brother if the captain was not the prettieſt gentleman he had ever ſeen; and whether there was not ſomething wonderfully engaging in his aſpect?—Mr. Bramble having eyed her ſome time in ſilence,

" Siſter,

" Siſter, (ſaid he) the lieutenant is, for " aught I know, an honeſt man, and a " good officer—he has a conſiderable " ſhare of underſtanding, and a title to " more encouragement than he ſeems to " have met with in life; but I cannot, " with a ſafe conſcience, affirm, that he " is the prettieſt gentleman I ever ſaw; nei- " ther can I diſcern any engaging charm " in his countenance, which, I vow to " Gad, is, on the contrary, very hard- " favoured and forbidding."

I have endeavoured to ingratiate myſelf with this North-Briton, who is really a curioſity; but he has been very ſhy of my converſation ever ſince I laughed at his aſſerting that the Engliſh tongue was ſpoke with more propriety at Edinburgh than at London. Looking at me with a double ſqueeze of ſouring in his aſpect, " If the old definition be true, (ſaid he) " that riſibility is the diſtinguiſhing cha- " racteriſtic of a rational creature, the " Engliſh are the moſt diſtinguiſhed for " rationality of any people I ever knew " I owned, that the Engliſh were eaſily ſtruck with any thing that appeared ludicrous, and apt to laugh accordingly; but it did not follow, that, becauſe they were more given to laughter, they had more

rationality than their neighbours: I ſaid, ſuch an inference would be an injury to the Scots, who were by no means defective in rationality, though generally ſuppoſed little ſubject to the impreſſions of humour.

The captain anſwered, that this ſuppoſition muſt have been deduced either from their converſation or their compoſitions, of which the Engliſh could not poſſibly judge with preciſion, as they did not underſtand the dialect uſed by the Scots in common diſcourſe, as well as in their works of humour. When I deſired to know what thoſe works of humour were, he mentioned a conſiderable number of pieces, which he inſiſted were equal in point of humour to any thing extant in any language dead or living.——He, in particular, recommended a collection of detached poems, in two ſmall volumes, intituled, *The Ever-green*, and the works of Allan Ramſay, which I intend to provide myſelf with at Edinburgh.—He obſerved, that a North-Briton is ſeen to a diſadvantage in an Engliſh company, becauſe he ſpeaks in a dialect that they can't reliſh, and in a phraſeology which they don't underſtand.—He therefore finds himſelf under a reſtraint, which is a great enemy to wit

wit and humour.—Theſe are faculties which never appear in full luſtre, but when the mind is perfectly at eaſe, and, as an excellent writer ſays, enjoys *her elbow-room.*

He proceeded to explain his aſſertion that the Engliſh language was ſpoken with greater propriety at Edinburgh than in London.—He ſaid, what we generally called the Scottiſh dialect was, in fact, true, genuine old Engliſh, with a mixture of ſome French terms and idioms, adopted in a long intercourſe betwixt the French and Scotch nations; that the modern Engliſh, from affectation and falſe refinement, had weakened, and even corrupted their language, by throwing out the guttural ſounds, altering the pronunciation and the quantity, and diſuſing many words and terms of great ſignificance. In conſequence of theſe innovations, the works of our beſt poets, ſuch as Chaucer, Spenſer, and even Shakeſpeare, were become, in many parts, unintelligible to the natives of South-Britain, whereas the Scots, who retain the antient language, underſtand them without the help of a gloſſary. "For inſtance, (ſaid he) "how have your commentators been "puzzled by the following expreſſion in

"the

" the *Tempeſt*—*He's gentle, and not fearful*;
" as if it was a paralogiſm to ſay, that
" being *gentle*, he muſt of courſe be *cou-*
" *rageous*: but the truth is, one of the
" original meanings, if not the ſole mean-
" ing, of that word was, *noble*, *high-*
" *minded*; and to this day, a Scotch wo-
" man, in the ſituation of the young lady
" in the *Tempeſt*, would expreſs herſelf
" nearly in the ſame terms—Don't pro-
" voke him; for being gentle, that is,
" *high ſpirited*, he won't tamely bear an
" inſult. Spenſer, in the very firſt ſtanza
" of his *Fairy Queen*, ſays,

" A *gentle* knight was pricking on the plain;"

" which knight, far from being *tame* and
" fearful, was ſo ſtout that

" Nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad."

To prove that we had impaired the energy of our language by falſe refinement, he mentioned the following words, which, though widely different in ſignification, are pronounced exactly in the ſame manner—*wright*, *write*, *right*, *rite*; but among the Scots, theſe words are as different in pronunciation, as they are in meaning and orthography; and this is the caſe with many others which he mentioned

ed by way of illuſtration.——He, moreover, took notice, that we had (for what reaſon he could never learn) altered the ſound of our vowels from that which is retained by all the nations in Europe; an alteration which rendered the language extremely difficult to foreigners, and made it almoſt impracticable to lay down general rules for orthography and pronunciation. Beſides, the vowels were no longer ſimple ſounds in the mouth of an Engliſhman, who pronounced both *i* and *u* as diphthongs. Finally, he affirmed, that we mumbled our ſpeech with our lips and teeth, and ran the words together without pauſe or diſtinction, in ſuch a manner, that a foreigner, though he underſtood Engliſh tolerably well, was often obliged to have recourſe to a Scotchman to explain what a native of England had ſaid in his own language.

The truth of this remark was confirmed by Mr. Bramble from his own experience; but he accounted for it on another principle.—He ſaid, the ſame obſervation would hold in all languages; that a Swiſs talking French was more eaſily underſtood than a Pariſian, by a foreigner who had not made himſelf maſter of the language; becauſe every language had

its peculiar recitative, and it would always require more pains, attention, and practice, to acquire both the words and the muſic, than to learn the words only; and yet no body would deny, that the one was imperfect without the other: he therefore apprehended, that the Scotchman and the Swiſs were better underſtood by learners, becauſe they ſpoke the words only, without the muſic, which they could not rehearſe. One would imagine this check might have damped the North-Briton; but it ſerved only to agitate his humour for diſputation.——He ſaid, if every nation had its own recitative or muſic, the Scots had theirs, and the Scotchman who had not yet acquired the cadence of the Engliſh, would naturally uſe his own in ſpeaking their language; therefore, if he was better underſtood than the native, his recitative muſt be more intelligible than that of the Engliſh; of conſequence, the dialect of the Scots had an advantage over that of their fellow-ſubjects, and this was another ſtrong preſumption that the modern Engliſh had corrupted their language in the article of pronunciation.

The lieutenant was, by this time, become ſo polemical, that every time he opened his mouth out flew a paradox, which

which he maintained with all the enthuſiaſm of altercation; but all his paradoxes ſavoured ſtrong of a partiality for his own country. He undertook to prove that poverty was a bleſſing to a nation; that *oatmeal* was preferable to *wheat-flour*; and that the worſhip of Cloacina, in temples which admitted both ſexes, and every rank of votaries promiſcuouſly, was a filthy ſpecies of idolatry that outraged every idea of delicacy and decorum. I did not ſo much wonder at his broaching theſe doctrines, as at the arguments, equally whimſical and ingenious, which he adduced in ſupport of them.

In fine, lieutenant Liſmahago is a curioſity which I have not yet ſufficiently peruſed; and therefore I ſhall be ſorry when we loſe his company, though, God knows, there is nothing very amiable in his manner or diſpoſition.—As he goes directly to the ſouth-weſt diviſion of Scotland, and we proceed in the road to Berwick, we ſhall part to-morrow at a place called Felton-bridge; and, I dare ſay, this ſeparation will be very grievous to our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, unleſs ſhe has received ſome flattering aſſurance of his meeting her again. If I fail in my purpoſe of entertaining you with theſe unim-

important occurrences, they will at leaſt ſerve as exerciſes of patience, for which you are indebted to

Yours always,

Morpeth, July 13. J. MELFORD.

TO DR. LEWIS.

DEAR DOCTOR,

I HAVE now reached the northern extremity of England, and ſee, cloſe to my chamber-window, the Tweed gliding through the arches of that bridge which connects this ſuburb to the town of Berwick.—Yorkſhire you have ſeen, and therefore I ſhall ſay nothing of that opulent province. The city of Durham appears like a confuſed heap of ſtones and brick, accumulated ſo as to cover a mountain, round which a river winds its brawling courſe. The ſtreets are generally narrow, dark, and unpleaſant, and many

many of them almoſt impaſſible in conſequence of their declivity. The cathedral is a huge gloomy pile; but the clergy are well lodged.——The biſhop lives in a princely manner—the golden prebends keep plentiful tables—and, I am told, there is ſome good ſociable company in the place; but the country, when viewed from the top of Gateſhead Fell, which extends to Newcaſtle, exhibits the higheſt ſcene of cultivation that ever I beheld. As for Newcaſtle, it lies moſtly in a bottom, on the banks of the Tyne, and makes an appearance ſtill more diſagreeable than that of Durham; but it is rendered populous and rich by induſtry and commerce; and the country lying on both ſides the river, above the town, yields a delightful proſpect of agriculture and plantation. Morpeth and Alnwick are neat, pretty towns, and this laſt is famous for the caſtle which has belonged ſo many ages to the noble houſe of Piercy, earls of Northumberland.—It is, doubtleſs, a large edifice, containing a great number of apartments, and ſtands in a commanding ſituation; but the ſtrength of it ſeems to have conſiſted not ſo much in its ſite, or the manner in which it is fortified, as in the valour of its defendants.

Our

Our adventures ſince we left Scarborough, are ſcarce worth reciting; and yet I muſt make you acquainted with my ſiſter Tabby's progreſs in huſband-hunting, after her diſappointments at Bath and London. She had actually begun to practiſe upon a certain adventurer, who was in fact a highwayman by profeſſion; but he had been uſed to ſnares much more dangerous than any ſhe could lay, and eſcaped accordingly.—Then ſhe opened her batteries upon an old weather-beaten Scotch lieutenant, called Liſmahago, who joined us at Durham, and is, I think, one of the moſt ſingular perſonages I ever encountered.—His manner is as harſh as his countenance; but his peculiar turn of thinking, and his pack of knowledge made up of the remnants of rarities, rendered his converſation deſirable, in ſpite of his pedantry and ungracious addreſs. —I have often met with a crab-apple in a hedge, which I have been tempted to eat for its flavour, even while I was diſguſted by its auſterity. The ſpirit of contradiction is naturally ſo ſtrong in Liſmahago, that I believe in my conſcience he has rummaged, and read, and ſtudied with indefatigable attention, in order to qualify himſelf to refute eſtabliſhed maxims,

ims, and thus raiſe trophies for the gratification of polemical pride.—Such is the aſperity of his ſelf-conceit, that he will not even acquieſce in a tranſient compliment made to his own individual in particular, or to his country in general.

When I obſerved, that he muſt have read a vaſt number of books to be able to diſcourſe on ſuch a variety of ſubjects, he declared he had read little or nothing, and aſked how he ſhould find books among the woods of America, where he had ſpent the greateſt part of his life. My nephew remarking that the Scots in general were famous for their learning, he denied the imputation, and defied him to prove it from their works.—"The Scots "(ſaid he) have a ſlight tincture of let- "ters, with which they make a parade "among people who are more illiterate "than themſelves; but they may be ſaid "to float on the ſurface of ſcience, and "they have made very ſmall advances "in the uſeful arts." "At leaſt, (cried "Tabby) all the world allows that the "Scots behaved glorioufly in fighting "and conquering the ſavages of Ameri- "ca." "I can aſſure you, madam, you "have been miſinformed; (replied the "lieutenant) in that continent the Scots

"did

" did nothing more than their duty, nor " was there one corps in his majeſty's ſer- " vice that diſtinguiſhed itſelf more than " another.—Thoſe who affected to extol " the Scots for ſuperior merit, were no " friends to that nation."

Though he himſelf made free with his countrymen, he would not ſuffer any other perſon to glance a ſarcaſm at them with impunity. One of the company chancing to mention lord B——'s inglorious peace, the lieutenant immediately took up the cudgels in his lordſhip's favour, and argued very ſtrenuouſly to prove that it was the moſt honourable and advantageous peace that England had ever made ſince the foundation of the monarchy.—Nay, between friends, he offered ſuch reaſons on this ſubject, that I was really confounded, if not convinced. —He would not allow that the Scots abounded above their proportion in the army and navy of Great-Britain, or that the Engliſh had any reaſon to ſay his countrymen had met with extraordinary encouragement in the ſervice.—" When " a South and North-Briton (ſaid he) are " competitors for a place or commiſſion, " which is in the diſpoſal of an Engliſh " miniſter or an Engliſh general, it would " be

" be abſurd to ſuppoſe that the prefe-
" rence will not be given to the native
" of England, who has ſo many advan-
" tages over his rival.—Firſt and fore-
" moſt, he has in his favour that laudable
" partiality, which, Mr. Addiſon ſays,
" never fails to cleave to the heart of an
" Engliſhman; ſecondly, he has more
" powerful connexions, and a greater
" ſhare of parliamentary intereſt, by
" which thoſe conteſts are generally de-
" cided; and laſtly, he has a greater
" command of money to ſmooth the way
" to his ſucceſs. For my own part, (ſaid
" he) I know no Scotch officer, who has
" riſen in the army above the rank of a
" ſubaltern, without purchaſing every de-
" gree of preferment either with money
" or recruits; but I know many gentle-
" men of that country, who, for want of
" money and intereſt, have grown grey
" in the rank of lieutenants; whereas
" very few inſtances of this ill-fortune
" are to be found among the natives of
" South-Britain.—Not that I would in-
" ſinuate that my countrymen have the
" leaſt reaſon to complain.—Preferment
" in the ſervice, like ſucceſs in any other
" branch of traffic, will naturally favour
" thoſe who have the greateſt ſtock of

" caſh

" caſh and credit, merit and capacity be-
" ing ſuppoſed equal on all ſides."

But the moſt hardy of all this original's poſitions were theſe:—That commerce would, ſooner or later, prove the ruin of every nation, where it flouriſhes to any extent—that the parliament was the rotten part of the Britiſh conſtitution—that the liberty of the preſs was a national evil—and that the boaſted inſtitution of juries, as managed in England, was productive of ſhameful perjury and flagrant injuſtice. He obſerved, that traffick was an enemy to all the liberal paſſions of the ſoul, founded on the thirſt of lucre, a ſordid diſpoſition to take advantage of the neceſſities of our fellow-creatures.——He affirmed, the nature of commerce was ſuch, that it could not be fixed or perpetuated, but, having flowed to a certain height, would immediately begin to ebb, and ſo continue till the channels ſhould be left almoſt dry; but there was no inſtance of the tide's riſing a ſecond time to any conſiderable influx in the ſame nation. Mean while the ſudden affluence occaſioned by trade, forced open all the ſluices of luxury and overflowed the land with every ſpecies of profligacy and corruption; a total pravity of manners would enſue, and this muſt

muſt be attended with bankruptcy and ruin. He obſerved of the parliament, that the practice of buying boroughs, and canvaſſing for votes, was an avowed ſyſtem of venality, already eſtabliſhed on the ruins of principle, integrity, faith, and good order, in conſequence of which the elected and the elector, and, in ſhort, the whole body of the people, were equally and univerſally contaminated and corrupted. He affirmed, that of a parliament thus conſtituted, the crown would always have influence enough to ſecure a great majority in its dependence, from the great number of poſts, places, and penſions it had to beſtow; that ſuch a parliament would (as it had already done) lengthen the term of its ſitting and authority, whenever the prince ſhould think it for his intereſt to continue the repreſentatives; for, without doubt, they had the ſame right to protract their authority *ad infinitum*, as they had to extend it from three to ſeven years.—With a parliament, therefore, dependent upon the crown, devoted to the prince, and ſupported by a ſtanding army, garbled and modelled for the purpoſe, any king of England may, and probably ſome ambitious ſovereign will, totally overthrow

all the bulwarks of the conſtitution; for it is not to be ſuppoſed that a prince of a high ſpirit will tamely ſubmit to be thwarted in all his meaſures, abuſed and inſulted by a populace of unbridled ferocity, when he has it in his power to cruſh all oppoſition under his feet with the concurrence of the legiſlature. He ſaid, he ſhould always conſider the liberty of the preſs as a national evil, while it enabled the vileſt reptile to ſoil the luſtre of the moſt ſhining merit, and furniſhed the moſt infamous incendiary with the means of diſturbing the peace and deſtroying the good order of the community. He owned, however, that, under due reſtrictions, it would be a valuable privilege; but affirmed, that at preſent there was no law in England ſufficient to reſtrain it within proper bounds.

With reſpect to juries, he expreſſed himſelf to this effect:——Juries are generally compoſed of illiterate plebeians, apt to be miſtaken, eaſily miſled, and open to ſiniſter influence; for if either of the parties to be tried, can gain over one of the twelve jurors, he has ſecured the verdict in his favour; the juryman thus brought over will, in deſpight of all evidence and conviction, generally hold out till

till his fellows are fatigued, and harraſſed, and ſtarved into concurrence; in which caſe the verdict is unjuſt, and the jurors are all perjured: but caſes will often occur, when the jurors are really divided in opinion, and each ſide is convinced in oppoſition to the other; but no verdict will be received, unleſs they are unanimous, and they are all bound, not only in conſcience, but by oath, to judge and declare according to their conviction.—What then will be the conſequence?—They muſt either ſtarve in company, or one ſide muſt ſacrifice their conſcience to their convenience, and join in a verdict which they believe to be falſe, This abſurdity is avoided in Sweden, where a bare majority is ſufficient; and in Scotland, where two thirds of the jury are required to concur in the verdict.

You muſt not imagine that all theſe deductions were made on his part, without contradiction on mine.—No--the truth is, I found myſelf piqued in point of honour, at his pretending to be ſo much wiſer than his neighbours.—I queſtioned all his aſſertions, ſtarted innumerable objections, argued and wrangled with uncommon perſeverance, and grew very warm, and even violent, in the debate.—

Sometimes he was puzzled, and once or twice, I think, fairly refuted; but from thoſe falls he roſe again, like Antæus, with redoubled vigour, till at length I was tired, exhauſted, and really did not know how to proceed, when luckily he dropped a hint, by which he diſcovered he had been bred to the law; a confeſſion which enabled me to retire from the diſpute with a good grace, as it could not be ſuppoſed that a man like me, who had been bred to nothing, ſhould be able to cope with a veteran in his own profeſſion. I believe, however, that I ſhall for ſome time continue to chew the cud of reflection upon many obſervations which this original diſcharged.

Whether our ſiſter Tabby was really ſtruck with his converſation, or is reſolved to throw at every thing ſhe meets in the ſhape of a man, till ſhe can faſten the matrimonial nooſe, certain it is, ſhe has taken deſperate ſtrides towards the affection of Liſmahago, who cannot be ſaid to have met her half way, tho' he does not ſeem altogether inſenſible to her civilities. —She inſinuated more than once how happy we ſhould be to have his company through that part of Scotland which we propoſed to viſit, till at length he plainly told

told us, that his road was totally different from that which we intended to take; that, for his part, his company would be of very little ſervice to us in our progreſs, as he was utterly unacquainted with the country, which he had left in his early youth; conſequently, he could neither direct us in our inquiries, nor introduce us to any family of diſtinction. He ſaid, he was ſtimulated by an irreſiſtible impulſe to reviſit the *paternus lar*, or *patria domus*, though he expected little ſatisfaction, inaſmuch as he underſtood that his nephew, the preſent poſſeſſor, was but ill qualified to ſupport the honour of the family.—He aſſured us, however, as we deſign to return by the weſt road, that he will watch our motions, and endeavour to pay his reſpects to us at Dumfries.——Accordingly he took his leave of us at a place half way betwixt Morpeth and Alnwick, and pranced away in great ſtate, mounted on a tall, meagre, raw-boned, ſhambling grey gelding, without e'er a tooth in his head, the very counter-part of the rider; and, indeed, the appearance of the two was ſo picturesque, that I would give twenty guineas to have them tolerably repreſented on canvas.

Northumberland is a fine county, extending to the Tweed, which is a pleaſant paſtoral ſtream; but you will be ſurpriſed when I tell you that the Engliſh ſide of that river is neither ſo well cultivated nor ſo populous as the other.—The farms are thinly ſcattered, the lands unincloſed, and ſcarce a gentleman's ſeat is to be ſeen in ſome miles from the Tweed; whereas the Scots are advanced in crowds to the very brink of the river, ſo that you may reckon above thirty good houſes, in the compaſs of a few miles, belonging to proprietors whoſe anceſtors had fortified caſtles in the ſame ſituations, a circumſtance that ſhews what dangerous neighbours the Scots muſt have formerly been to the northern counties of England.

Our domeſtic oeconomy continues on the old footing.—My ſiſter Tabby ſtill adheres to methodiſm, and had the benefit of a ſermon at Weſley's meeting in Newcaſtle; but I believe the paſſion of love has in ſome meaſure abated the fervour of devotion both in her and her woman, Mrs. Jenkins, about whoſe good graces there has been a violent conteſt betwixt my nephew's valet, Mr. Dutton, and my man, Humphry Clinker.—Jery has been

been obliged to interpoſe his authority to keep the peace; and to him I have left the diſcuſſion of that important affair, which had like to have kindled the flames of diſcord in the family of

Yours always,

Tweedmouth,
July 15.

MATT. BRAMBLE.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. at Oxon.

DEAR WAT,

IN my two laſt you had ſo much of Liſmahago, that I ſuppoſe you are glad he is gone off the ſtage for the preſent.—I muſt now deſcend to domeſtic occurrences.—Love, it ſeems, is reſolved to aſſert his dominion over all the females of our family.—After having practiſed upon poor Liddy's heart, and played ſtrange vagaries with our aunt Mrs. Tabitha, he began to run riot in the affec-

tions of her woman Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, whom I have had occaſion to mention more than once in the courſe of our memoirs. Nature intended Jenkins for ſomething very different from the character of her miſtreſs; yet cuſtom and habit have effected a wonderful reſemblance betwixt them in many particulars. Win, to be ſure, is much younger and more agreeable in her perſon; ſhe is likewiſe tender-hearted and benevolent, qualities for which her miſtreſs is by no means remarkable, no more than ſhe is for being of a timorous diſpoſition, and much ſubject to fits of the mother, which are the infirmities of Win's conſtitution: but then ſhe ſeems to have adopted Mrs. Tabby's manner with her caſt cloaths.—She dreſſes and endeavours to look like her miſtreſs, although her own looks are much more engaging.——She enters into her ſcheme of oeconomy, learns her phraſes, repeats her remarks, imitates her ſtile in ſcolding the inferior ſervants, and, finally, ſubſcribes implicitly to her ſyſtem of devotion —This, indeed, ſhe found the more agreeable, as it was in a great meaſure introduced and confirmed by the miniſtry of Clinker, with whoſe perſonal merit

merit ſhe ſeems to have been ſtruck ever ſince he exhibited the pattern of his naked ſkin at Marlborough.

Nevertheleſs, though Humphry had this double hank upon her inclinations, and exerted all his power to maintain the conqueſt he had made, he found it impoſſible to guard it on the ſide of vanity, where poor Win was as frail as any female in the kingdom. In ſhort, my raſcal Dutton profeſſed himſelf her admirer, and, by dint of his outlandiſh qualifications, threw his rival Clinker out of the ſaddle of her heart. Humphry may be compared to an Engliſh pudding, compoſed of good wholeſome flour and ſuet, and Dutton to a ſyllabub or iced froth, which, though agreeable to the taſte, has nothing ſolid or ſubſtantial. The traitor not only dazzled her with his ſecond-hand finery, but he fawned, and flattered, and cringed —he taught her to take rappee, and preſented her with a ſnuff-box of *papier maché*—he ſupplied her with a powder for her teeth—he mended her complexion, and he dreſſed her hair in the Paris faſhion —he undertook to be her French maſter and her dancing-maſter, as well as friſeur, and thus imperceptibly wound himſelf into her good graces. Clinker perceived

the progreſs he had made, and repined in ſecret.—He attempted to open her eyes in the way of exhortation, and finding it produced no effect had recourſe to prayer. At Newcaſtle, while he attended Mrs. Tabby to the methodiſt meeting, his rival accompanied Mrs. Jenkins to the play. He was dreſſed in a ſilk coat, made at Paris for his former maſter, with a tawdry waiſtcoat of tarniſhed brocard; he wore his hair in a great bag with a huge ſolitaire, and a long ſword dangled from his thigh. The lady was all of a flutter with faded luteſtring, waſhed gauze, and ribbons three times refreſhed; but ſhe was moſt remarkable for the friſure of her head, which roſe, like a pyramid, ſeven inches above the ſcalp, and her face was primed and patched from the chin up to the eyes; nay, the gallant himſelf had ſpared neither red nor white in improving the nature of his own complexion. In this attire, they walked together through the high ſtreet to the theatre, and as they paſſed for players ready dreſſed for acting, they reached it unmoleſted; but as it was ſtill light when they returned, and by that time the people had got information of their real character and condition, they hiſſed and hooted all the way, and

Mrs. Jenkins was all beſpattered with dirt, as well as inſulted with the opprobrious name of *painted Jezabel*, ſo that her fright and mortification threw her into an hyſteric fit the moment ſhe came home.

Clinker was ſo incenſed at Dutton, whom he conſidered as the cauſe of her diſgrace, that he upbraided him ſeverely for having turned the poor young woman's brain. The other affected to treat him with contempt, and miſtaking his forbearance for want of courage, threatened to horſe-whip him into good manners. Humphry then came to me, humbly begging I would give him leave to chaſtiſe my ſervant for his inſolence—"He has "challenged me to fight him at ſword's "point; (ſaid he) but I might as well "challenge him to make a horſe-ſhoe, "or a plough-iron; for I know no more "of the one than he does of the other.— "Beſides, it doth not become ſervants to "uſe thoſe weapons, or to claim the pri-"vilege of gentlemen to kill one another "when they fall out; moreover, I would "not have his blood upon my conſcience "for ten thouſand times the profit or ſa-"tisfaction I ſhould get by his death; "but if your honour won't be angry, "I'll engage to gee en a good drubbing,

" that, may hap, will do 'en ſervice, and " I'll take care it ſhall do 'en no harm." I ſaid, I had no objection to what he propoſed, provided he could manage matters ſo as not to be found the aggreſſor, in caſe Dutton ſhould proſecute him for an aſſault and battery.

Thus licenſed, he retired; and that ſame evening eaſily provoked his rival to ſtrike the firſt blow, which Clinker returned with ſuch intereſt that he was obliged to call for quarter, declaring, at the ſame time, that he would exact ſevere and bloody ſatisfaction the moment we ſhould paſs the border, when he could run him through the body without fear of the conſequence.——This ſcene paſſed in preſence of lieutenant Liſmahago, who encouraged Clinker to hazard a thruſt of cold iron with his antagoniſt. " Cold " iron (cried Humphry) I ſhall never uſe " againſt the life of any human creature; " but I am ſo far from being afraid of " his cold iron, that I ſhall uſe nothing " in my defence but a good cudgel, which " ſhall always be at his ſervice." In the mean time, the fair cauſe of this conteſt, Mrs. Winifred Jenkins, ſeemed overwhelmed with affliction, and Mr. Clinker acted much on the reſerve, though he did

did not preſume to find fault with her conduct.

The diſpute between the two rivals was ſoon brought to a very unexpected iſſue. Among our fellow-lodgers at Berwick, was a couple from London, bound to Edinburgh, on the voyage of matrimony. The female was the daughter and heireſs of a pawn-broker deceaſed, who had given her guardians the ſlip, and put herſelf under the tuition of a tall Hibernian, who had conducted her thus far in queſt of a clergyman to unite them in marriage, without the formalities required by the law of England. I know not how the lover had behaved on the road, ſo as to decline in the favour of his innamorata; but, in all probability, Dutton perceived a coldneſs on her ſide, which encouraged him to whiſper, it was a pity ſhe ſhould have caſt her affections upon a taylor, which he affirmed the Iriſhman to be. This diſcovery completed her diſguſt, of which my man taking the advantage, began to recommend himſelf to her good graces, and the ſmooth-tongued raſcal found no difficulty to inſinuate himſelf into the place of her heart, from which the other had been diſcarded—Their reſolution was immediately taken. In the morning,

morning, before day, while poor Teague lay ſnoring a-bed, his indefatigable rival ordered a poſt-chaiſe, and ſet out with the lady for Coldſtream, a few miles up the Tweed, where there was a parſon who dealt in this branch of commerce, and there they were nooſed, before the Iriſhman ever dreamt of the matter. But when he got up at ſix o'clock, and found the bird was flown, he made ſuch a noiſe as alarmed the whole houſe. One of the firſt perſons he encountered, was the poſtilion returned from Coldſtream, where he had been witneſs to the marriage, and over and above an handſome gratuity, had received a bride's favour, which he now wore in his cap—When the forſaken lover underſtood they were actually married, and ſet out for London; and that Dutton had diſcovered to the lady, that he (the Hibernian) was a taylor, he had like to have run diſtracted. He tore the ribbon from the fellow's cap, and beat it about his ears. He ſwore he would purſue him to the gates of hell, and ordered a poſt-chaiſe and four to be got ready as ſoon as poſſible; but, recollecting that his finances would not admit of this way of travelling, he was obliged to countermand this order.

For

For my part, I knew nothing at all of what had happened, till the poſtilion brought me the keys of my trunk and portmanteau, which he had received from Dutton, who ſent me his reſpects, hoping I would excuſe him for his abrupt departure, as it was a ſtep upon which his fortune depended—Before I had time to make my uncle acquainted with this event, the Iriſhman burſt into my chamber, without any introduction, exclaiming,—"By my ſoul, your ſarvant has robbed "me of five thouſand pounds, and I'll "have ſatisfaction, if I ſhould be "hanged to-morrow.—" When I aſked him who he was, "My name (ſaid "he) is Maſter Macloughlin—but it "ſhould be Leighlin Oneale, for I am "come from Ter-Owen the Great; and ſo "I am as good a gentleman as any in "Ireland; and that rogue, your ſarvant, "ſaid I was a taylor, which was as big a "lie as if he had called me the pope—"I'm a man of fortune, and have ſpent "all I had; and ſo being in diſtreſs, Mr. "Coſhgrave, the faſhioner in Shuffolk-"ſtreet, tuck me out, and made me his "own private ſhecretary: by the ſame "token, I was the laſt he bailed; for his "friends obliged him to tie himſelf up,

"that

" that he would bail no more above ten
" pounds; for why, becaaſe as how, he
" could not refuſe any body that aſked,
" and therefore in time would have rob-
" bed himſelf of his whole fortune, and,
" if he had lived long at that rate, muſt
" have died bankrupt very ſoon—and ſo
" I made my addreſſes to Miſs Skinner,
" a young lady of five thouſand pounds
" fortune, who agreed to take me for
" better nor worſe; and, to be ſure, this
" day would have put me in poſſeſſion, if
" it had not been for that rogue, your
" ſarvant, who came like a tief, and ſtole
" away my property, and made her be-
" lieve I was a taylor; and that ſhe was
" going to marry the ninth part of a man:
" but the devil burn my ſoul, if ever I
" catch him on the mountains of Tullo-
" ghobegly, if I don't ſhew him that I'm
" nine times as good a man as he, or e'er
" a bug of his country."

When he had rung out his firſt alarm, I told him I was ſorry he had allowed himſelf to be ſo jockied; but it was no buſineſs of mine; and that the fellow who robbed him of his bride, had likewiſe robbed me of my ſervant—" Didn't I tell you then,
" (cried he,) that Rogue was his true
" Chriſtian name.—Oh if I had but one

" fair

" fair truſt with him upon the ſod, I'd " give him lave to brag all the reſt of his " life."

My uncle hearing the noiſe, came in, and being informed of this adventure, began to comfort Mr. Oneale for the lady's elopement; obſerving that he ſeemed to have had a lucky eſcape, that it was better ſhe ſhould elope before, than after marriage—The Hibernian was of a very different opinion. He ſaid, " If he had " been once married, ſhe might have " eloped as ſoon as ſhe pleaſed; he would " have taken care that ſhe ſhould not " have carried her fortune along with " her—Ah (ſaid he) ſhe's a Judas Iſcariot, " and has betrayed me with a kiſs; and, " like Judas, ſhe carried the bag, and " has not left me money enough to bear " my expences back to London; and ſo " as I'm come to this paſs, and the rogue " that was the occaſion of it has left you " without a ſarvant, you may put me in " his place; and by Jaſus, it is the beſt " thing you can do.—" I begged to be excuſed, declaring I could put up with any inconvenience, rather than treat as a footman the deſcendant of Tir-Owen the Great. I adviſed him to return to his friend, Mr. Coſgrave, and take his paſ-

ſage

ſage from Newcaſtle by ſea, towards which I made him a ſmall preſent, and he retired, ſeemingly reſigned to his evil fortune. I have taken upon trial a Scotchman, called Archy M'Alpin, an old ſoldier, whoſe laſt maſter, a colonel, lately died at Berwick. The fellow is old and withered; but he has been recommended to me for his fidelity, by Mrs. Humphreys, a very good ſort of a woman, who keeps the inn at Tweedmouth, and is much reſpected by all the travellers on this road.

Clinker, without doubt, thinks himſelf happy in the removal of a dangerous rival, and he is too good a Chriſtian, to repine at Dutton's ſucceſs. Even Mrs. Jenkins will have reaſon to congratulate herſelf upon this event, when ſhe cooly reflects upon the matter; for, howſoever ſhe was forced from her poiſe for a ſeaſon, by ſnares laid for her vanity, Humphrey is certainly the north-ſtar to which the needle of her affection would have pointed at the long run. At preſent, the ſame vanity is exceedingly mortified, upon finding herſelf abandoned by her new admirer, in favour of another innamorata. She received the news with a violent burſt of laughter, which ſoon brought on a fit of crying; and this gave the finiſhing blow

blow to the patience of her miſtreſs, which had held out beyond all expectation. She now opened all thoſe floodgates of reprehenſion, which had been ſhut ſo long. She not only reproached her with her levity and indiſcretion, but attacked her on the ſcore of religion, declaring roundly that ſhe was in a ſtate of apoſtacy and reprobation; and finally, threatened to ſend her a-packing at this extremity of the kingdom. All the family interceded for poor Winifrid, not even excepting her ſlighted ſwain, Mr. Clinker, who, on his knees, implored and obtained her pardon.

There was, however, another conſideration that gave Mrs. Tabitha ſome diſturbance. At Newcaſtle, the ſervants had been informed by ſome wag, that there was nothing to eat in Scotland, but *oat-meal* and *ſheep's-heads*; and Lieutenant Liſmahago being conſulted, what he ſaid ſerved rather to confirm than to refute the report. Our aunt being appriſed of this circumſtance, very gravely adviſed her brother to provide a ſumpter horſe with ſtore of hams, tongues, bread, biſcuit, and other articles for our ſubſiſtence, in the courſe of our peregrination, and Mr. Bramble as gravely replied, that he would take the hint into conſideration: but, finding

ing no ſuch proviſion was made, ſhe now revived the propoſal, obſerving that there was a tolerable market at Berwick, where we might be ſupplied; and that my man's horſe would ſerve as a beaſt of burthen—The 'ſquire, ſhrugging up his ſhoulders, eyed her aſkance with a look of ineffable contempt; and, after ſome pauſe, "Siſter, (ſaid he) I can hardly per-"ſuade myſelf you are ſerious." She was ſo little acquainted with the geography of the iſland, that ſhe imagined we could not go to Scotland but by ſea; and, after we had paſſed through the town of Berwick, when he told her we were upon Scottiſh ground, ſhe could hardly believe the aſſertion—If the truth muſt be told, the South Britons in general are woefully ignorant in this particular. What, between want of curioſity, and traditional ſarcaſms, the effect of ancient animoſity, the people at the other end of the iſland know as little of Scotland as of Japan.

If I had never been in Wales, I ſhould have been more ſtruck with the manifeſt difference in appearance betwixt the peaſants and commonalty on different ſides of the Tweed. The boors of Northumberland are luſty fellows, freſh complexioned, cleanly, and well cloathed; but the

the labourers in Scotland are generally lank, lean, hard-featured, ſallow, ſoiled, and ſhabby, and their little pinched blue caps have a beggarly effect. The cattle are much in the ſame ſtile with their drivers, meagre, ſtunted, and ill equipt. When I talked to my uncle on this ſubject, he ſaid, "Though all the Scottiſh "hinds would not bear to be compared "with thoſe of the rich counties of South "Britain, they would ſtand very well in "competition with the peaſants of France, "Italy, and Savoy—not to mention the "mountaineers of Wales, and the red-"ſhanks of Ireland."

We entered Scotland by a frightful moor of ſixteen miles, which promiſes very little for the interior parts of the kingdom; but the proſpect mended as we advanced. Paſſing through Dunbar, which is a neat little town, ſituated on the ſea-ſide, we lay at a country inn, where our entertainment far exceeded our expectation; but for this we cannot give the Scots credit, as the landlord is a native of England. Yeſterday we dined at Haddington, which has been a place of ſome conſideration, but is now gone to decay; and in the evening arrived at this metropolis, of which I can ſay very little. It

is

is very romantic, from its ſituation on the declivity of a hill, having a fortified caſtle at the top, and a royal palace at the bottom. The firſt thing that ſtrikes the noſe of a ſtranger, ſhall be nameleſs; but what firſt ſtrikes the eye, is the unconſcionable height of the houſes, which generally riſe to five, ſix, ſeven, and eight ſtories, and, in ſome places, (as I am aſſured) to twelve. This manner of building, attended with numberleſs inconveniences, muſt have been originally owing to want of room. Certain it is, the town ſeems to be full of people: but their looks, their language, and their cuſtoms, are ſo different from ours, that I can hardly believe myſelf in Great-Britain.

The inn at which we put up, (if it may be ſo called) was ſo filthy and diſagreeable in all reſpects, that my uncle began to fret, and his gouty ſymptoms to recur—Recollecting, however, that he had a letter of recommendation to one Mr. Mitchelſon, a lawyer, he ſent it by his ſervant, with a compliment, importing that he would wait upon him next day in perſon; but that gentleman viſited us immediately, and inſiſted upon our going to his own houſe, until he could provide

provide lodgings for our accommodation. We gladly accepted of his invitation, and repaired to his houſe, where we were treated with equal elegance and hoſpitality, to the utter confuſion of our aunt, whoſe prejudices, though beginning to give way, were not yet entirely removed. To-day, by the aſſiſtance of our friend, we are ſettled in convenient lodgings, up four pair of ſtairs, in the High-ſtreet, the fourth ſtory being, in this city, reckoned more genteel than the firſt. The air is, in all probability, the better; but it requires good lungs to breathe it at this diſtance above the ſurface of the earth.—While I do remain above it, whether higher or lower, provided I breathe at all,

I ſhall ever be,

dear Phillips, yours,

July 18. J. MELFORD.

To

To Dr. LEWIS.

DEAR LEWIS,

THAT part of Scotland contiguous to Berwick, nature ſeems to have intended as a barrier between two hoſtile nations. It is a brown deſert of conſiderable extent, that produces nothing but heath and fern; and what rendered it the more dreary when we paſſed, there was a thick fog that hindered us from ſeeing above twenty yards from the carriage—My ſiſter began to make wry faces, and uſe her ſmelling-bottle; Liddy looked blank, and Mrs. Jenkins dejected; but in a few hours theſe clouds were diſſipated; the ſea appeared upon our right, and on the left the mountains retired a little, leaving an agreeable plain betwixt them and the beach; but, what ſurpriſed us all, this plain, to the extent of ſeveral miles, was covered with as fine wheat as ever I ſaw in the moſt fertile parts of South

South Britain——This plentiful crop is raiſed in the open field, without any incloſure, or other manure than the *alga marina*, or ſea-weed, which abounds on this coaſt; a circumſtance which ſhews that the ſoil and climate are favourable; but that agriculture in this country is not yet brought to that perfection which it has attained in England. Incloſures would not only keep the grounds warm, and the ſeveral fields diſtinct, but would alſo protect the crop from the high winds, which are ſo frequent in this part of the iſland.

Dunbar is well ſituated for trade, and has a curious baſon, where ſhips of ſmall burthen may be perfectly ſecure; but there is little appearance of buſineſs in the place—From thence, all the way to Edinburgh, there is a continual ſucceſſion of fine ſeats, belonging to noblemen and gentlemen; and as each is ſurrounded by its own parks and plantation, they produce a very pleaſing effect in a country which lies otherwiſe open and expoſed. At Dunbar there is a noble park, with a lodge, belonging to the Duke of Roxburgh, where Oliver Cromwell had his head-quarters, when Leſley, at the head of a Scotch army, took poſſeſſion

of the mountains in the neighbourhood, and hampered him in ſuch a manner, that he would have been obliged to embark and get away by ſea, had not the fanaticiſm of the enemy forfeited the advantage which they had obtained by their general's conduct—Their miniſters, by exhortation, prayer, aſſurance, and prophecy, inſtigated them to go down and ſlay the Philiſtines in Gilgal, and they quitted their ground accordingly, notwithſtanding all that Leſley could do to reſtrain the madneſs of their enthuſiaſm ——When Oliver ſaw them in motion, he exclaimed, "Praiſed be the Lord, he "hath delivered them into the hands of "his ſervant!" and ordered his troops to ſing a pſalm of thankſgiving, while they advanced in order to the plain, where the Scots were routed with great ſlaughter.

In the neighbourhood of Haddington, there is a gentleman's houſe, in the building of which, and the improvements about it, he is ſaid to have expended forty thouſand pounds: but I cannot ſay I was much pleaſed with either the architecture or the ſituation; though it has in front a paſtoral ſtream, the banks of which are laid out in a very agreeable man-

manner. I intended to pay my reſpects to lord Elibank, whom I had the honour to know at London many years ago. He lives in this part of Lothian; but was gone to the North, on a viſit—You have often heard me mention this nobleman, whom I have long revered for his humanity and univerſal intelligence, over and above the entertainment ariſing from the originality of his character—At Muſſelburgh, however, I had the good-fortune to drink tea with my old friend Mr. Cardonel; and at his houſe I met with Dr. C——, the parſon of the pariſh, whoſe humour and converſation inflamed me with a deſire of being better acquainted with his perſon—I am not at all ſurpriſed that theſe Scots make their way in every quarter of the globe.

This place is but four miles from Edinburgh, towards which we proceeded along the ſea-ſhore, upon a firm bottom of ſmooth ſand, which the tide had left uncovered in its retreat——Edinburgh, from this avenue, is not ſeen to much advantage—We had only an imperfect view of the Caſtle and upper parts of the town, which varied inceſſantly according to the inflexions of the road, and exhibited the appearance of detached ſpires and

turrets, belonging to ſome magnificent edifice in ruins. The palace of Holyrood houſe ſtands on the left, as you enter the Canongate—This is a ſtreet continued from hence to the gate called Nether Bow, which is now taken away; ſo that there is no interruption for a long mile, from the bottom to the top of the hill on which the Caſtle ſtands in a moſt imperial ſituation——Conſidering its fine pavement, its width, and the lofty houſes on each ſide, this would be undoubtedly one of the nobleſt ſtreets in Europe, if an ugly maſs of mean buildings, called the Lucken-Booths, had not thruſt itſelf, by what accident I know not, into the middle of the way, like Middle-Row in Holborn. The city ſtands upon two hills, and the bottom between them; and, with all its defects, may very well paſs for the capital of a moderate kingdom—It is full of people, and continually reſounds with the noiſe of coaches and other carriages, for luxury as well as commerce. As far as I can perceive, here is no want of proviſions—The beef and mutton are as delicate here as in Wales; the ſea affords plenty of good fiſh; the bread is remarkably fine; and the water is excellent, though I'm afraid not in ſufficient quan-

quantity to anſwer all the purpoſes of cleanlineſs and convenience; articles in which, it muſt be allowed, our fellow-ſubjects are a little defective—The water is brought in leaden pipes from a mountain in the neighbourhood, to a ciſtern on the Caſtle-hill, from whence it is diſtributed to public conduits in different parts of the city—From theſe it is carried in barrels, on the backs of male and female porters, up two, three, four, five, ſix, ſeven, and eight pair of ſtairs, for the uſe of particular families—Every ſtory is a complete houſe, occupied by a ſeparate family; and the ſtair being common to them all, is generally left in a very filthy condition; a man muſt tread with great circumſpection to get ſafe houſed with unpolluted ſhoes—Nothing can form a ſtronger contraſt, than the difference betwixt the outſide and inſide of the door; for the good-women of this metropolis are remarkably nice in the ornaments and propriety of their apartments, as if they were reſolved to transfer the imputation from the individual to the public. You are no ſtranger to their method of diſcharging all their impurities from their windows, at a certain hour of the night, as the cuſtom is in Spain, Portugal, and

ſome parts of France and Italy—A practice to which I can by no means be reconciled; for notwithſtanding all the care that is taken by their ſcavengers to remove this nuiſance every morning by break of day, enough ſtill remains to offend the eyes, as well as other organs of thoſe whom uſe has not hardened againſt all delicacy of ſenſation.

The inhabitants ſeem inſenſible to theſe impreſſions, and are apt to imagine the diſguſt that we avow is little better than affectation; but they ought to have ſome compaſſion for ſtrangers, who have not been uſed to this kind of ſufferance; and conſider, whether it may not be worth while to take ſome pains to vindicate themſelves from the reproach that, on this account, they bear among their neighbours. As to the ſurpriſing height of their houſes, it is abſurd in many reſpects; but in one particular light I cannot view it without horror; that is, the dreadful ſituation of all the families above, in caſe the common ſtair-caſe ſhould be rendered impaſſable by a fire in the lower ſtories—In order to prevent the ſhocking conſequences that muſt attend ſuch an accident, it would be a right meaſure to open doors of communication from one houſe to another, on every

every ſtory, by which the people might fly from ſuch a terrible viſitation. In all parts of the world, we ſee the force of habit prevailing over all the dictates of convenience and ſagacity—All the people of buſineſs at Edinburgh, and even the genteel company, may be ſeen ſtanding in crowds every day, from one to two in the afternoon, in the open ſtreet, at a place where formerly ſtood a market-croſs, which (by the bye) was a curious piece of Gothic architecture, ſtill to be ſeen in lord Sommerville's garden in this neighbourhood—I ſay, the people ſtand in the open ſtreet from the force of cuſtom, rather than move a few yards to an Exchange that ſtands empty on one ſide, or to the Parliament-cloſe on the other, which is a noble ſquare, adorned with a fine equeſtrian ſtatue of king Charles II. —The company thus aſſembled, are entertained with a variety of tunes, played upon a ſet of bells, fixed in a ſteeple hard by—As theſe bells are well-toned, and the muſician, who has a ſalary from the city, for playing upon them with keys, is no bad performer, the entertainment is really agreeable, and very ſtriking to the ears of a ſtranger.

The public inns of Edinburgh, are ſtill worſe than thoſe of London; but by means of a worthy gentleman, to whom I was recommended, we have got decent lodgings in the houſe of a widow gentlewoman, of the name of Lockhart; and here I ſhall ſtay until I have ſeen every thing that is remarkable in and about this capital. I now begin to feel the good effects of exerciſe——I eat like a farmer, ſleep from mid-night till eight in the morning without interruption, and enjoy a conſtant tide of ſpirits, equally diſtant from inanition and exceſs; but whatever ebbs or flows my conſtitution may undergo, my heart will ſtill declare that I am,

Dear Lewis,

Your affectionate friend and ſervant,

Edr. July 18. MATT. BRAMBLE.

To

To Mrs. Mary Jones, at Bramble-ton-hall.

DEAR MARY,

THE 'ſquire has been ſo kind as to rap my bit of nonſenſe under the kiver of his own ſheet—O, Mary Jones! Mary Jones! I have had trials and trembulation. God help me! I have been a vixen and a griffin theſe many days—Sattin has had power to temp me in the ſhape of van Ditton, the young 'ſquire's wally de ſhamble; but by God's greaſe he did not purvail—I thoft as how, there was no arm in going to a play at Newcaſtle, with my hair dreſſed in the Pariſh faſhion; and as for the trifle of paint, he ſaid as how my complexion wanted rouch, and ſo I let him put it on with a little Spaniſh owl; but a miſchievous mob of colliers, and ſuch promiſcous ribble rabble, that could bare no ſmut but their own, attacked us in the ſtreet, and called me *hoar* and *painted Iſſabel*, and ſplaſhed my

cloſe, and ſpoiled me a complete ſet of blond lace triple ruffles, not a pin the worſe for the ware—They coſt me ſeven good ſillings, to lady Griſkin's woman at London.

When I axed Mr. Clinker what they meant by calling me Iſſabel, he put the byebill into my hand, and I read of van Iſſabel a painted harlot, that vas thrown out of a vindore, and the dogs came and licked her blood—But I am no harlot; and, with God's bleſſing, no dog ſhall have my poor blood to lick: marry, Heaven forbid, amen! As for Ditton, after all his courting, and his compliment, he ſtole away an Iriſhman's bride, and took a French leave of me and his maſter; but I vally not his going a farting; but I have had hanger on his account—Miſtriſs ſcoulded like mad; thof I have the comfit that all the family took my part, and even Mr. Clinker pleaded for me on his bended knee; thof, God he knows, he had raiſins enuff to complain; but he's a good ſole, abounding with Chriſtian meekneſs, and one day will meet with his reward.

And now, dear Mary, we have got to Haddingborrough, among the Scots, who are civil enuff for our money, thof I don't

don't ſpeak their lingo—But they ſhould not go for to impoſe upon foreigners; for the bills in their houſes ſay, they have different *eaſements* to let; and behold there is nurro geaks in the whole kingdom, nor any thing for poor ſarvants, but a barrel with a pair of tongs thrown a croſs; and all the chairs in the family are emptied into this here barrel once a-day; and at ten o'clock at night the whole cargo is flung out of a back windore that looks into ſome ſtreet or lane, and the maid calls *gardy loo* to the paſſengers, which ſignifies *Lord have mercy upon you!* and this is done every night in every houſe in Haddingborrough; ſo you may gueſs, Mary Jones, what a ſweet ſavour comes from ſuch a number of profuming pans; but they ſay it is wholſome, and, truly, I believe it is; for being in the vapours, and thinking of Iſſabel and Mr. Clinker, I was going into a fit of aſtericks, when this fiff, ſaving your preſence, took me by the noſe ſo powerfully that I ſneezed three times, and found myſelf wonderfully refreſhed; and this to be ſure is the raiſin why there are no fits in Haddingborrough.

I was likewiſe made believe, that there was nothing to be had but *oat-meal* and

ſeeps-heads; but if I hadn't been a fool, I mought have known there could be no *heads* without kerkaſſes ——This very bleſſed day I dined upon a delicate leg of Velſh mutton and cully-flower; and as for the oat-meal, I leave that to the ſarvants of the country, which are pore drudges, many of them without ſhoes or ſtockings—Mr. Clinker tells me here is a great call of the goſpel; but I wiſh, I wiſh ſome of our family be not fallen off from the rite way—O, if I was given to tail-baring, I have my own ſecrets to diſcover——There has been a deal of huggling and flurtation betwixt miſtreſs and an ould Scots officer, called Kiſmycago. He looks for all the orld like the ſcarecrow that our gardener ſet up to frite away the ſparrows; and what will come of it, the Lord nows; but come what will, it ſhall never be ſaid that I menchioned a ſyllabub of the matter—Remember me kindly to Saul and the kitten——I hope they got the horn-buck, and will put it to a good yuſe, which is the conſtant prayer of,

Dear Molly,

your loving friend,

Addingborough, July 18. WIN. JENKINS.

To Sir WATKIN PHILLIPS, Bart. of Jeſus college, Oxon.

DEAR PHILLIPS,

IF I ſtay much longer at Edinburgh, I ſhall be changed into a down-right Caledonian—My uncle obſerves, that I have already acquired ſomething of the country accent. The people here are ſo ſocial and attentive in their civilities to ſtrangers, that I am inſenſibly ſucked into the channel of their manners and cuſtoms, although they are in fact much more different from ours than you can imagine—That difference, however, which ſtruck me very much at my firſt arrival, I now hardly perceive, and my ear is perfectly reconciled to the Scotch accent, which I find even agreeable in the mouth of a pretty woman—It is a ſort of Doric dialect, which gives an idea of amiable ſimplicity——You cannot imagine how we have been careſſed and feaſted in the *good town of Edinburgh*, of which we are be-

become free denizens and guild brothers, by the ſpecial favour of the magiſtracy.

I had a whimſical commiſſion from Bath, to a citizen of this metropolis—Quin, underſtanding our intention to viſit Edinburgh, pulled out a guinea, and deſired the favour I would drink it at a tavern, with a particular friend and bottle-companion of his, one Mr. R— C—, a lawyer of this city—I charged myſelf with the commiſſion, and, taking the guinea, "You ſee (ſaid I) I have pocket-"ed your bounty." "Yes (replied "Quin, laughing); and a head-ake in-"to the bargain, if you drink fair." I made uſe of this introduction to Mr. C——, who received me with open arms, and gave me the rendezvous, according to the cartel. He had provided a company of jolly fellows, among whom I found myſelf extremely happy; and did Mr. C—— and Quin all the juſtice in my power; but, alas, I was no more than a tiro among a troop of veterans, who had compaſſion upon my youth, and conveyed me home in the morning, by what means I know not—Quin was miſtaken, however, as to the head-ake; the claret was too good to treat me ſo roughly.

While

While Mr. Bramble holds conferences with the graver literati of the place, and our females are entertained at viſits by the Scotch ladies, who are the beſt and kindeſt creatures upon earth, I paſs my time among the bucks of Edinburgh; who, with a great ſhare of ſpirit and vivacity, have a certain ſhrewdneſs and ſelf-command that is not often found among their neighbours, in the high-day of youth and exultation——Not a hint eſcapes a Scotchman that can be interpreted into offence by any individual in the company; and national reflections are never heard—In this particular, I muſt own, we are both unjuſt and ungrateful to the Scots; for, as far as I am able to judge, they have a real eſteem for the natives of South-Britain; and never mention our country, but with expreſſions of regard—Nevertheleſs, they are far from being ſervile imitators of our modes and faſhionable vices. All their cuſtoms and regulations of public and private œconomy, of buſineſs and diverſion, are in their own ſtile. This remarkably predominates in their looks, their dreſs, and manner, their muſic, and even their cookery. Our 'ſquire declares, that he knows not another people upon earth, ſo ſtrongly marked

marked with a national character—Now we are upon the article of cookery, I muſt own, ſome of their diſhes are ſavoury, and even delicate; but I am not yet Scotchman enough to reliſh their ſinged ſheep's-head and haggice, which were provided at our requeſt, one day at Mr. Mitchelſon's, where we dined—The firſt put me in mind of the hiſtory of Congo, in which I had read of negros' heads ſold publickly in the markets; the laſt, being a meſs of minced lights, livers, ſuet, oat-meal, onions, and pepper, incloſed in a ſheep's ſtomach, had a very ſudden effect upon mine, and the delicate Mrs. Tabby changed colour; when the cauſe of our diſguſt was inſtantaneouſly removed at the nod of our entertainer. The Scots, in general, are attached to this compoſition, with a ſort of national fondneſs, as well as to their oat-meal bread; which is preſented at every table, in thin triangular cakes, baked upon a plate of iron, called a girdle; and theſe, many of the natives, even in the higher ranks of life, prefer to wheaten-bread, which they have here in perfection—You know we uſed to vex poor Murray of Baliol-college, by aſking, if there was really no fruit but turnips in Scotland?——Sure enough, I have

have ſeen turnips make their appearance, not as a deſert, but by way of *hors d' oeuvres*, or whets, as radiſhes are ſerved up betwixt more ſubſtantial diſhes in France and Italy; but it muſt be obſerved, that the turnips of this country are as much ſuperior in ſweetneſs, delicacy, and flavour, to thoſe of England, as a muſk-melon is to the ſtock of a common cabbage. They are ſmall and conical, of a yellowiſh colour, with a very thin ſkin; and, over and above their agreeable taſte, are valuable for their antiſcorbutic quality—As to the fruit now in ſeaſon, ſuch as cherries, gooſeberries, and currants, there is no want of them at Edinburgh; and in the gardens of ſome gentlemen, who live in this neighbourhood, there is now a very favourable appearance of apricots, peaches, nectarines, and even grapes: nay, I have ſeen a very fine ſhew of pine-apples within a few miles of this metropolis. Indeed, we have no reaſon to be ſurpriſed at theſe particulars, when we conſider how little difference there is, in fact, betwixt this climate and that of London.

All the remarkable places in the city and its avenues, for ten miles around, we have viſited, much to our ſatisfaction. In the

the Caſtle are ſome royal apartments, where the ſovereign occaſionally reſided; and here are carefully preſerved the regalia of the kingdom, conſiſting of a crown, ſaid to be of great value, a ſceptre, and a ſword of ſtate, adorned with jewels—Of theſe ſymbols of ſovereignty, the people are exceedingly jealous—A report being ſpread, during the ſitting of the union-parliament, that they were removed to London, ſuch a tumult aroſe, that the lord commiſſioner would have been torn in pieces, if he had not produced them for the ſatisfaction of the populace.

The palace of Holyrood-houſe is an elegant piece of architecture, but ſunk in an obſcure, and, as I take it, unwholeſome bottom, where one would imagine it had been placed on purpoſe to be concealed. The apartments are lofty, but unfurniſhed; and as for the pictures of the Scottiſh kings, from Fergus I. to king William, they are paultry daubings, moſtly by the ſame hand, painted either from the imagination, or porters hired to ſit for the purpoſe. All the diverſions of London we enjoy at Edinburgh, in a ſmall compaſs. Here is a well-conducted concert, in which ſeveral gentlemen per-

perform on different inſtruments—The Scots are all muſicians—Every man you meet plays on the flute, the violin, or violoncello; and there is one nobleman, whoſe compoſitions are univerſally admired—Our company of actors is very tolerable; and a ſubſcription is now on foot for building a new theatre; but their aſſemblies pleaſe me above all other public exhibitions.

We have been at the hunters ball, where I was really aſtoniſhed to ſee ſuch a number of fine women—The Engliſh, who have never croſſed the Tweed, imagine erroneouſly, that the Scotch ladies are not remarkable for perſonal attractions; but, I can declare with a ſafe conſcience, I never ſaw ſo many handſome females together, as were aſſembled on this occaſion. At the Leith races, the beſt company comes hither from the remoter provinces; ſo that, I ſuppoſe, we had all the beauty of the kingdom concentrated as it were into one focus; which was, indeed, ſo vehement, that my heart could hardly reſiſt its power—Between friends, is has ſuſtained ſome damage from the bright eyes of the charming miſs R——n, whom I had the honour to dance with at the ball—The coun-

counteſs of Melvile attracted all eyes, and the admiration of all preſent—She was accompanied by the agreeable miſs Grieve, who made many conqueſts; nor did my ſiſter Liddy paſs unnoticed in the aſſemby—She is become a toaſt at Edinburgh, by the name of the Fair Cambrian, and has already been the occaſion of much wine-ſhed; but the poor girl met with an accident at the ball, which has given us great diſturbance.

A young gentleman, the expreſs image of that raſcal Wilſon, went up to aſk her to dance a minuet; and his ſudden appearance ſhocked her ſo much, that ſhe fainted away—I call Wilſon a raſcal, becauſe, if he had been really a gentleman, with honourable intentions, he would have, ere now, appeared in his own character—I muſt own, my blood boils with indignation when I think of that fellow's preſumption; and Heaven confound me if I don't—But I won't be ſo womaniſh as to rail—Time will, perhaps, furniſh occaſion—Thank God, the cauſe of Liddy's diſorder remains a ſecret. The lady directreſs of the ball, thinking ſhe was overcome by the heat of the place, had her conveyed to another room, where ſhe ſoon recovered ſo well, as to return

and

and join in the country-dances, in which the Scotch laſſes acquit themſelves with ſuch ſpirit and agility, as put their partners to the height of their mettle—I believe our aunt, Mrs. Tabitha, had entertained hopes of being able to do ſome execution among the cavaliers at this aſſembly——She had been ſeveral days in conſultation with milliners and mantua-makers, preparing for the occaſion, at which ſhe made her appearance in a full ſuit of damaſk, ſo thick and heavy, that the ſight of it alone, at this ſeaſon of the year, was ſufficient to draw drops of ſweat from any man of ordinary imagination—She danced one minuet with our friend, Mr. Mitchelſon, who favoured her ſo far, in the ſpirit of hoſpitality and politeneſs; and ſhe was called out a ſecond time by the young laird of Ballymawhawple, who, coming in by accident, could not readily find any other partner; but as the firſt was a married man, and the ſecond payed no particular homage to her charms, which were alſo over-looked by the reſt of the company, ſhe became diſſatisfied and cenſorious—At ſupper, ſhe obſerved that the Scotch gentlemen made a very good figure, when they were a little improved by travelling; and therefore it

was

was pity they did not all take the benefit of going abroad—She ſaid the women were aukward, maſculine creatures; that, in dancing, they lifted their legs like ſo many colts; that they had no idea of graceful motion, and put on their clothes in a frightful manner; but if the truth muſt be told, Tabby herſelf was the moſt ridiculous figure, and the worſt dreſſed of the whole aſſembly—The neglect of the male ſex rendered her malcontent and peeviſh; ſhe now found fault with every thing at Edinburgh, and teized her brother to leave the place, when ſhe was ſuddenly reconciled to it on a religious conſideration——There is a ſect of fanaticks, who have ſeparated themſelves from the eſtabliſhed kirk, under the name of Secederſ—They acknowledge no earthly head of the church, reject lay-patronage, and maintain the methodiſt doctrines of the new birth, the new light, the efficacy of grace, the inſufficiency of works, and the operations of the ſpirit. Mrs. Tabitha, attended by Humphry Clinker, was introduced to one of their conventicles, where they both received much edification; and ſhe has had the good fortune to come acquainted with a pious Chriſtian, called Mr. Moffat, who is very

power-

powerful in prayer, and often aſſiſts her in private exerciſes of devotion.

I never ſaw ſuch a concourſe of genteel company at any races in England, as appeared on the courſe of Leith—Hard by, in the fields called the Links, the citizens of Edinburgh divert themſelves at a game called golf, in which they uſe a curious kind of bats, tipt with horn, and ſmall elaſtic balls of leather, ſtuffed with feathers, rather leſs than tennis balls, but of a much harder conſiſtence —This they ſtrike with ſuch force and dexterity from one hole to another, that they will fly to an incredible diſtance. Of this diverſion the Scots are ſo fond, that when the weather will permit, you may ſee a multitude of all ranks, from the ſenator of juſtice to the loweſt tradeſmen, mingled together in their ſhirts, and following the balls with the utmoſt eagerneſs—Among others, I was ſhewn one particular ſet of golfers, the youngeſt of whom was turned of fourſcore——They were all gentlemen of independent fortunes, who had amuſed themſelves with this paſtime for the beſt part of a century, without having ever felt the leaſt alarm from ſickneſs or diſguſt; and they never went to bed, without having each

the

the beſt part of a gallon of claret in his belly. Such uninterrupted exerciſe, co-operating with the keen air from the ſea, muſt, without all doubt, keep the appetite always on edge, and ſteel the conſtitution againſt all the common attacks of diſtemper.

The Leith races gave occaſion to another entertainment of a very ſingular nature—There is at Edinburgh a ſociety or corporation of errand-boys, called cawdies, who ply in the ſtreets at night with paper lanthorns, and are very ſerviceable in carrying meſſages—Theſe fellows, though ſhabby in their appearance, and rudely familiar in their addreſs, are wonderfully acute, and ſo noted for fidelity, that there is no inſtance of a cawdy's having betrayed his truſt—Such is their intelligence, that they know, not only every individual of the place, but alſo every ſtranger, by that time he has been four and twenty hours in Edinburgh; and no tranſaction, even the moſt private, can eſcape their notice—They are particularly famous for their dexterity in executing one of the functions of Mercury; though, for my own part, I never employed them in this department of buſineſs—Had I occaſion for any ſervice of this nature, my own

own man Archy M'Alpine, is as well qualified as e'er a cawdie in Edinburgh; and I am much miſtaken, if he has not been heretofore of their fraternity. Be that as it may, they reſolved to give a dinner and a ball at Leith, to which they formally invited all the young noblemen and gentlemen that were at the races; and this invitation was reinforced by an aſſurance that all the celebrated ladies of pleaſure would grace the entertainment with their company.—I received a card on this occaſion, and went thither with half a dozen of my acquaintance.—In a large hall the cloth was laid on a long range of tables joined together, and here the company ſeated themſelves, to the number of about fourſcore, lords, and lairds, and other gentlemen, courtezans and cawdies mingled together, as the ſlaves and their maſters were in the time of the Saturnalia in ancient Rome.—The toaſtmaſter, who ſat at the upper end, was one Cawdie Fraſer, a veteran pimp, diſtinguiſhed for his humour and ſagacity, well known and much reſpected in his profeſſion by all the gueſts, male and female, that were here aſſembled.—He had beſpoke the dinner and the wine: he had

taken care that all his brethren ſhould appear in decent apparel and clean linen; and he himſelf wore a periwig with three tails, in honour of the feſtival—I aſſure you the banquet was both elegant and plentiful, and ſeaſoned with a thouſand ſallies, that promoted a general ſpirit of mirth and good humour.—After the deſert, Mr. Fraſer propoſed the following toaſts, which I don't pretend to explain.—"The beſt in Chriſtendom."—"Gibb's "contract."—"The beggar's benniſon."—"King and kirk."—"Great-Britain "and Ireland."———Then, filling a bumper, and turning to me, "Meſter "Malford, (ſaid he) may a' unkindneſs "ceaſe betwixt John Bull and his ſiſter "Moggy."—The next perſon he ſingled out, was a nobleman who had been long abroad.—"Ma lord, (cried Fraſer) "here is a bumper to a' thoſe noblemen "who have virtue enough to ſpend their "rents in their ain countray."—He afterwards addreſſed himſelf to a member of parliament in theſe words:—"Meſter "—I'm ſure ye'll ha' nae objection to my "drinking, Diſgrace and dule to ilka "Scot, that ſells his conſcience and his "vote."—He diſcharged a third ſarcaſm

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at a perſon very gaily dreſſed, who had riſen from ſmall beginnings, and made a conſiderable fortune at play.—Filling his glaſs, and calling him by name, "Lang "life (ſaid he) to the wylie loon that "gangs a-field with a toom poke at his "lunzie, and comes hame with a ſack-"ful of ſiller."——All theſe toaſts being received with loud burſts of applauſe, Mr. Fraſer called for pint glaſſes, and filled his own to the brim: then ſtanding up, and all his brethren following his example, "Ma lords and gentlemen (cried "he), here is a cup of thanks for the "great and undeſerved honour you have "done your poor errand-boys this day."—So ſaying, he and they drank off their glaſſes in a trice, and, quitting their ſeats, took their ſtation each behind one of the other gueſts;—exclaiming, "Noo we're "your honours cawdies again."

The nobleman who had bore the firſt brunt of Mr. Fraſer's ſatire, objected to his abdication. He ſaid, as the company was aſſembled by invitation from the cawdies, he expected they were to be entertained at their expence. "By no "means, my lord, (cried Fraſer) I wad "na be guilty of ſic preſumption for the

" wide warld—I never affronted a gen-
" tleman ſince I was born; and ſure at
" this age, I wonnot offer an indignity to
" ſic an honourable convention." " Well,
" (ſaid his Lordſhip) as you have expend-
" ed ſome wit, you have a right to ſave
" your money. You have given me good
" counſel, and I take it in good part. As
" you have voluntarily quitted your ſeat,
" I will take your place with the leave of
" the good company, and think myſelf
" happy to be hailed, *Father of the Feaſt.*"
He was forthwith elected into the chair, and complimented in a bumper in his new character.

The claret continued to circulate without interruption, till the glaſſes ſeemed to dance upon the table, and this, perhaps, was a hint to the ladies to call for muſic—At eight in the evening the ball began in another apartment: at midnight we went to ſupper; but it was broad day before I found the way to my lodgings; and, no doubt, his Lordſhip had a ſwinging bill to diſcharge.

In ſhort, I have lived ſo riotouſly for ſome weeks, that my uncle begins to be alarmed on the ſcore of my conſtitution, and very ſeriouſly obſerves, that all his own

own infirmities are owing to ſuch exceſſes indulged in his youth—Mrs. Tabitha ſays it would be more for the advantage of my ſoul as well as body, if, inſtead of frequenting theſe ſcenes of debauchery, I would accompany Mr. Moffat and her to hear a ſermon of the reverend Mr. M'Corkindale.—Clinker often exhorts me, with a groan, to take care of my precious health; and even Archy M'Alpine, when he happens to be overtaken, (which is oftener the caſe than I could wiſh) reads me a long lecture upon temperance and ſobriety; and is ſo very wiſe and ſententious, that, if I could provide him with a profeſſor's chair, I would willingly give up the benefit of his admonitions and ſervice together; for I was tutor-ſick at alma mater.

I am not, however, ſo much engroſſed by the gaieties of Edinburgh, but that I find time to make parties in the family way.—We have not only ſeen all the villas and villages within ten miles of the capital, but we have alſo croſſed the Firth, which is an arm of the ſea ſeven miles broad, that divides Lothian from the ſhire, or, as the Scots call it, the *kingdom of Fife*. There is a number of

large open ſea-boats that ply on this paſſage from Leith to Kinghorn, which is a borough on the other ſide. In one of theſe our whole family embarked three days ago, excepting my ſiſter, who, being exceedingly fearful of the water, was left to the care of Mrs. Mitchelſon. We had an eaſy and quick paſſage into Fife, where we viſited a number of poor towns on the ſea-ſide, including St. Andrew's, which is the ſkeleton of a venerable city; but we were much better pleaſed with ſome noble and elegant ſeats and caſtles, of which there is a great number in that part of Scotland. Yeſterday we took boat again on our return to Leith, with fair wind and agreeable weather; but we had not advanced half-way when the ſky was ſuddenly overcaſt, and the wind changing, blew directly in our teeth; ſo that we were obliged to turn, or tack the reſt of the way. In a word, the gale increaſed to a ſtorm of wind and rain, attended with ſuch a fog, that we could not ſee the town of Leith, to which we were bound, nor even the caſtle of Edinburgh, notwithſtanding its high ſituation. It is not to be doubted but that we were all alarmed on this occaſion. And at the ſame time,

time, moſt of the paſſengers were ſeized with a nauſea that produced violent retchings. My aunt deſired her brother to order the boatmen to put back to Kinghorn, and this expedient he actually propoſed; but they aſſured him there was no danger. Mrs. Tabitha finding them obſtinate, began to ſcold, and inſiſted upon my uncle's exerting his authority as a juſtice of the peace. Sick and peeviſh as he was, he could not help laughing at this wiſe propoſal, telling her, that his commiſſion did not extend ſo far, and, if it did, he ſhould let the people take their own way; for he thought it would be great preſumption in him to direct them in the exerciſe of their own profeſſion. Mrs. Winifred Jenkins made a general clearance with the aſſiſtance of Mr. Humphrey Clinker, who joined her both in prayer and ejaculation.—As he took it for granted that we ſhould not be long in this world, he offered ſome ſpiritual conſolation to Mrs. Tabitha, who rejected it with great diſguſt, bidding him keep his ſermons for thoſe who had leiſure to hear ſuch nonſenſe.—My uncle ſat, recollected in himſelf, without ſpeaking; my man Archy had recourſe to a brandy-bottle, with which he made ſo free, that I imagined

gined he had ſworn to die of drinking any thing rather than ſea-water: but the brandy had no more effect upon him in the way of intoxication, than if it had been ſea water in good earneſt.—As for myſelf, I was too much engroſſed by the ſickneſs at my ſtomach, to think of any thing elſe.—Meanwhile the ſea ſwelled mountains high, the boat pitched with ſuch violence, as if it had been going to pieces; the cordage rattled, the wind roared; the lightning flaſhed, the thunder bellowed, and the rain deſcended in a deluge—Every time the veſſel was put about, we ſhip'd a ſea that drenched us all to the ſkin.—When, by dint of turning, we thought to have cleared the pier head, we were driven to leeward, and then the boatmen themſelves began to fear that the tide would fail before we ſhould fetch up our lee-way: the next trip, however, brought us into ſmooth water, and we were ſafely landed on the quay, about one o' clock in the afternoon.—"To be ſure (cried Tabby, when ſhe "found herſelf on *terra firma*,) we muſt "all have periſhed, if we had not been "the particular care of Providence."—"Yes, (replied my uncle) but I am much "of the honeſt highlander's mind—af-

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" ter he had made ſuch a paſſage as this: " his friend told him he was much in- " debted to Providence;—" Certainly, " (ſaid Donald) but, by my ſaul, mon, I'ſe " ne'er trouble Providence again, ſo long " as the brig of Stirling ſtands."—— You muſt know the brig, or bridge of Stirling, ſtands above twenty miles up the river Forth, of which this is the outlet— I don't find that our 'ſquire has ſuffered in his health from this adventure; but poor Liddy is in a peaking way—I'm afraid this unfortunate girl is uneaſy in her mind; and this apprehenſion diſtracts me, for ſhe is really an amiable creature.

We ſhall ſet out to-morrow or next day for Stirling and Glaſgow; and we propoſe to penetrate a little way into the Highlands, before we turn our courſe to the ſouthward—In the mean time, commend me to all our friends round Carfax, and believe me to be, ever yours,

Edinburgh, Aug. 8.

J. MELFORD.

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM